THE

Faſhionable Tell-Tale;

Containing a great Variety of

ENTERTAINING

ANECDOTES AND BONS MOTS,

EXPRESSIVE OF THE

CHARACTERS OF PERSONS OF RANK,

Diſtinguiſhed for their

WIT, TASTE, OR *HUMOUR.*

SELECTED FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

THE THIRD EDITION, GREATLY IMPROVED.

To which is prefixed,

A LETTER *from the late* DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. *to the* EDITOR.

Duplex libelli dos eſt; quod riſum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam conſilio monet.

PHÆDRUS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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U.N.H.
HARDING

TO

HER GRACE

THE

DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

MADAM,

IF the following ANECDOTES, which profeſs to entertain the mind, had the leaſt tendency to vitiate the heart, they would be ill inſcribed to your Grace; and he that ſhould dare ſo to inſult the Name to which he aſpired for protection, would feel the ſeverity of reproof in the fullneſs of diſappointment.

The ſocial and private virtues, no leſs than the polite and elegant accompliſhments, by which your Grace is diſtinguiſhed, are too well known, and too generally acknowledged, to have any thing to fear from Satire, however deceptive the vehicle by which it might be conveyed, or to hope from Panegyric, however pure the hand that ſhould offer the tribute.

May your Grace live long, the beloved companion of the illuſtrious Peer whoſe patriotic virtues and princely munificence in the exerciſe of his Viceroyſhip endear him to his Country, and ſhow him worthy of ſo amiable a Conſort;—the ornament and the pride of

thoſe

thoſe polite circles that ſhare with your Grace the rational pleaſures of the recreative hour;—the comfort and the bleſſing of thoſe inferior claſſes, who look up for ſuccour to the liberal hand that delights in diffuſing happineſs, and is never weary of doing good.

He that partakes of general benefits, has a right to join in the general applauſe; nor ſhall I be ſuſpected of inſincerity, when with reſpectful zeal I have the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's

Moſt dutiful and

moſt humble ſervant,

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very favourable reception with which the Public have honoured the two former Editions of this Compilation, has encouraged the Editor to publiſh a Third; which is conſiderably improved and enriched by the addition of many new and intereſting Anecdotes. Thoſe readers who are fond of this ſpecies of reading, will here find a pleaſing Variety, that will greatly conduce to their Amuſement, without offending their regard for Decorum.

The laſt Edition of this little Work was inſcribed to the late DAVID GARRICK, Eſq. who

who ſent the following Letter to the Publiſher; the Original of which is in the hands of the Editor.

SIR,

I beg you will preſent my beſt compliments and thanks to the Editor of THE FASHIONABLE TELL-TALE, *and aſſure him, that I think myſelf as greatly honoured by his notice of me, as I have been entertained with his Performance.*

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

Jan. 18, 1778. *D. GARRICK.*

P. S. Had I not been ill with the gravel ſince my return from Northamptonſhire, I ſhould have delivered my acknowledgements in perſon.

THE

FASHIONABLE TELL-TALE.

WHEN the late Dr. Henry Goddard, a learned and able Phyſician at York, was an Under-graduate at St. John's College, in Cambridge, his room was immediately above that of Mr. Baker, the famous Antiquary, who, being ancient and infirm, was eaſily diſturbed and affected by any unuſual noiſe in the neighbouring apartments. On this account, Goddard, who was a very ſober, regular perſon, had his room matted, that he might not incommode the worthy old Gentleman. One night, however, having invited ſome of his friends,

amongſt whom was the late Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Eſq. to ſpend the evening with him, the cheerfulneſs of the converſation (notwithſtanding Mr. Goddard's frequent remonſtrances) put them off their guard, and in the end brought up Mr. Baker, to ſue for peace. Upon opening the door, appeared a tall meagre figure in a black gown, a night-cap, over which was a broad-brimm'd hat, on his head, and a twinkling taper in his hand. Without giving the apparition time to ſpeak, Browne ſtarted up, and repeated from Shakeſpeare,

" Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
" Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
" Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
" Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
" Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
" That I will ſpeak to thee."——

This, which in other circumſtances would have appeared a cruel inſult, was really no more than an enthuſiaſtic impulſe, neither the effect of intoxication, nor of a ſpirit of malignity: accordingly it was readily excuſed by the good old man, after a genteel apology from Mr. Browne in perſon, was made the next morning.

IN

IN Auguſt, 1777, Mr. Garrick, accompanied by his neighbour and friend, Mr. Henry Hoare, of the Adelphi, made a viſit to Mr. Hoare, of Stourhead, in Wilts. Being particularly charmed with the Grotto, he ſaid he ſhould like it for his burying-place; upon which one of the company wiſhed him to write his own Epitaph; which, as ſoon as he returned to the houſe, he did, *extempore*.

Tom Fool, the tenant of this narrow ſpace,
(He *play'd no fooliſh part* to chuſe the place)
Hoping for mortal honours, e'en in death,
Thus ſpoke his wiſhes with his lateſt breath.
"That Hal,* *ſweet-blooded Hal*, might once a year,
"Quit ſocial joys to drop a friendly tear;
"That *Earle*,† with magic ſounds that charm the breaſt,
"Should, with a requiem, teach his ſoul to reſt;
"Full-charged with humour, that the ſportive *Ruſt*‡
"Should fire three vollies o'er the *duſt to duſt*;
"That honeſt *Benſon*,§ ever free and plain,
"For once ſhould ſigh, and wiſh him back again;
"That *Hoare*‖ too might complete his glory's plan,
"Point to his grave, and ſay—*I lik'd the Man.*"

* Henry Hoare, jun.
† Benſon Earle, of Saliſbury.
‡ John Ruſt, Eſq.
§ John Benſon, Eſq.
‖ Henry Hoare, of Stourhead.

THERE is, in a certain dioceſe of this nation, a living worth about ſix hundred pounds a year. This, and two or three more preferments, maintain the Doctor in becoming *eaſe* and *corpulency*. He keeps a chariot in town, and a journeyman in the country; and his curate and his coach-horſes are his *equal drudges*, ſaving that the *four-legged cattle* are better fed, and have *ſleeker caſſocks*, than his *ſpiritual dray-horſe*. The Doctor goes down once a year, to *ſheer his flock*, and fill his pockets, or, in other words, to receive *the wages of his embaſſy*; and then, ſometimes in an afternoon, if his belly do not happen to be too full, he vouchſafes to mount the pulpit, and to inſtruct his people in the greatneſs of his character and dullneſs. This compoſes the whole pariſh to reſt; but the Doctor one day denouncing himſelf *the Lord's Ambaſſador* with greater fire and loudneſs than could have been reaſonably expected from *him*, it rouzed a clown of the congregation, who waked his next neighbour, with "Doſt hear, "*Tom*, doſt hear?" 'Aye,' ſays *Tom*, yawning, 'what does he ſay?' "Say!" anſwered the other, "he ſays a plaguy lye, to be ſure; "he ſays as how he is *my Lord's Humbaſſandor*; "but

" but I think he is more rather *the Lord's Re-*
" *ceiver-general*, for he never comes but to take
" money."—Six hundred pounds a year, is, *modeſtly ſpeaking*, a competent fee for lulling the largeſt congregation in *England* aſleep once in a twelvemonth. Such tithes are the *price of napping*; and ſuch mighty odds there are between a *curtain-lecture* and a *cuſhion-lecture*.

THE following particulars are related of a ſingular character, one Heidegger, a native of Zurich, Maſter of the Revels, and Chief Manager of the Opera-Houſe, in the late King's reign.

As to his perſon, though he was tall and well made, it was uncommonly diſagreeable, owing to an ugly face, ſcarcely human. He was the firſt to joke upon his own uglineſs; and he once laid a wager with Lord Cheſterfield, that within a certain given time, his Lordſhip would not be able to produce ſo hideous a face in all London. The time elapſed; Heidegger won the wager. Our readers will not be ſurpriſed to hear, that the King condeſcended to requeſt him to ſit for his picture; but in vain, though the Nobility who were moſt

intimate with him, and all his beſt Patrons, urged the indecency of the refuſal. This obſtinacy gave riſe to a very laughable adventure.

The late facetious Duke of Montagu (the memorable author of the Bottle-conjuror at the theatre in the Hay-market) gave an entertainment at the Devil Tavern, Temple-Bar, to ſeveral of the nobility and gentry, ſelecting the moſt convivial, and a few hard drinkers, who were all in the plot. Heidegger was invited, and, in a few hours after dinner, was made ſo dead drunk, that he was carried out of the room, and laid inſenſible upon a bed. A profound ſleep enſued; when the late Mrs. Salmon's daughter was introduced, who took a mould from his face in plaſter of Paris. From this a maſk was made; and a few days before the next maſquerade (at which the King promiſed to be preſent, with the Counteſs of Yarmouth) the Duke made application to Heidegger's *Valet-de-chambre*, to know what ſuit of clothes he was likely to wear; and then procuring a ſimilar dreſs, and a perſon of the ſame ſtature, he gave him his inſtructions.

On the evening of the maſquerade, as ſoon as

as his Majeſty was ſeated (who was always known by the Conductor of the entertainment, and the Officers of the court, though concealed by his dreſs from the company) **Heidegger**, as uſual, ordered the Muſic to play *God ſave the King*; but his back was no ſooner turned, than the falſe Heidegger ordered them to ſtrike up *Charley over the Water*. The whole company were inſtantly thunderſtruck; and all the Courtiers, not in the plot, were thrown into a ſtupid conſternation. Heidegger flew to the muſic-gallery, ſwore, ſtamped, and raved, accuſed the Muſicians of drunkenneſs, or of being ſet on by ſome ſecret enemy to ruin him. The King and the Counteſs laughed ſo immoderately, that they hazarded a diſcovery. While Heidegger ſtaid in the gallery, *God ſave the King* was the tune; but when, after ſetting matters to-rights, he retired to one of the dancing-rooms, to obſerve if decorum was kept by the company, the Counterfeit ſtepping forward, and placing himſelf upon the floor of the theatre, juſt in front of the muſic-gallery, called out in a moſt audible voice, imitating Heidegger, damned them for blockheads,—had he not juſt told them to play *Charley over the*

Water? A pauſe enſued: the Muſicians, who knew his character, in their turn thought him either drunk or mad; but, as he continued his vociferation, *Charley* was played again. At this repetition of the ſuppoſed affront, ſome of the Officers of the guards, who always attended upon theſe occaſions, were for aſcending the gallery, and kicking the Muſicians out; but the late Duke of Cumberland, who could hardly contain himſelf, interpoſed. The company were thrown into great confuſion. "Shame! Shame!" reſounded from all parts, and Heidegger once more flew in a violent rage to that part of the theatre facing the gallery. Here the Duke of Montagu, artfully addreſſing himſelf to him, told him the King was in a violent paſſion; that his beſt way was to go inſtantly and make an apology, for certainly the Muſic were mad, and afterwards to diſcharge them.

Almoſt at the ſame inſtant, he ordered the falſe Heidegger to do the ſame. The ſcene now became truly comic in the circle before the King. Heidegger had no ſooner made a genteel apology for the inſolence of his Muſicians, but the falſe Heidegger advanced, and in a plaintive tone, cried out, "Indeed, Sire, it

"was

" was not my fault, but that devil's in my like-
" neſs." Poor Heidegger turned round, ſtared, ſtaggered, grew pale, and could not utter a word. The Duke then humanely whiſpered in his ear the ſum of his plot, and the Counterfeit was ordered to take off his maſk. Here ended the frolick; but Heidegger ſwore he would never attend any public amuſement, if that witch the Wax-work woman did not break the mould, and melt down the maſk before his face.

TO this occurrence, the following imperfect ſtanzas, tranſcribed from the hand-writing of Pope, are ſuppoſed to relate. They were found on the back of a page containing ſome part of his tranſlation, either of the Iliad or Odyſſey, in the Britiſh Muſeum.

Then he went to the ſide-board, and call'd for much liquor,
And glaſs after glaſs he drank quicker and quicker;
So that Heidegger quoth,
Nay, faith on his oath,
Of two hogſheads of Burgundy, Satan drank both.

Then all like a ——— the Devil appear'd,
And ſtrait the whole table of diſhes he clear'd:
Then a friar, then a nun,
And then he put on
A face all the company took for his own.

HEIDEGGER.

HEIDEGGER being once at ſupper, with a large company, when a queſtion was debated, **Which** nationaliſt of Europe had the greateſt ingenuity?—to the ſurpriſe of all preſent, he claimed that character for the Swiſs, and appealed to himſelf for the truth of it. "I was born a "Swiſs," ſaid he, "and came to England with- "out a farthing, where I have found means "to gain 5000*l.* a year, and to ſpend it. "Now I defy the moſt able Engliſhman to go "to Switzerland, and either to gain that in- "come, or to ſpend it there in eating and "drinking."

THERE is an epitaph, in Peck's collection of curious hiſtorical pieces, which (as that book is but in a few hands, and as I do not remember to have ſeen it in any other collection) I ſhall here tranſcribe, that our Gentry of the preſent times may be inſtructed in the art of making themſelves perſons of real *conſequence*. This epitaph (which, for its natural beauty and ſimplicity, is equal to any of the kind) was written in Queen Elizabeth's time, upon that noble and famous Knight, Sir Thomas Scot, of Scot's-hall, in the county of Kent, who

died

died on the 30th day of December, 1594, and was buried at Bradborn Church. His mother was the daughter of Sir William Kempe. He ſerved in many parliaments as Knight of the Shire for that county. In the memorable year 1588, upon the Council's ſending him a letter on the Wedneſday, acquainting him with the approach of the Spaniſh Armada, he ſent four thouſand armed men to Dover on the Thurſday. The inhabitants of Aſhford would have paid the charges of his funeral, on condition that his corpſe might have been buried in their church.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir *Thomas Scot* by name;
Oh hapie *Kempe* that bore him!
Sir *Raynold*, with four knights of fame,
Lyv'd lyneally before him.

His wiefes were *Baker*, *Heyman*, *Beere*;
His love to them unfayned.
He lyved nyne and fifty yeare;
And ſeventeen ſowles he gayned.

His firſt wief bore them everie one:
The world might not have myſt her!

She

She was a verie paragon,
The ladie *Buckerſt*'s ſyſter.

His widowe lyves in ſober ſorte;
No matron more diſcreter.
She ſtill reteiynes a good reporte,
And is a great howſekeper.

He (being call'd to ſpecial place)
Did what might beſt behove him.
The *Queene* of *England* gave him grace;
The *King* of *Heav'n* did love him.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye,
His kinn and cuntrie cried!
Both younge and old in *Kent* may ſaye,
Woe woorth the daye he died.

He made his porter ſhut his gates
To ſycophants and briebors,
And ope them wide to greate eſtates,
And alſoe to his neighbors.

His hous was rightlye termed hall,
Whoſe bred and beef was redie.
It was a verie hoſpitall,
And refuge for the needie.

From whence he never ſtept aſide,
In winter nor in ſommer.

In Chriſtmas time he did provide
Good cheer for everie comer.

When any ſervis ſhould be donn,
He lyeked not to lyngar;
The rich would ride, the poor would runn,
If he held up his fingar.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;
He did indite moſt finelye;
He us'd few words, but cold diſcours
Both wiſely and dyvinelye.

His lyving meane, his chargies greate,
His daughters well beſtowed;
Althogh that he were lefte in debt,
In fine, he nothing owed;

But died in rich and hapie ſtate,
Belov'd of man and woman;
And (which is yeat much more than that)
He was envy'd of no man.

In juſtice he dyd much excell,
In law he never wrangled;
He loov'd rellygion wondrous well,
But he was not new-fangled.

Let *Romney* marſh, and *Dover* ſaye,
Aſk *Norborn* camp at leyſuer,

If he were woont to make delaye,
To doe his cuntrie pleaſure.

But *Aſhford*'s proffer paſſeth all,
It was both rare and gentle;
They would have pay'd his funerall,
T'have tomb'd him in their temple.

Ambition he did not regard,
No boaſter, nor no bragger;
He ſpent, and lookt for no reward,
He cold not play the bagger.

AMONG other *jeux-d'eſprit*, Swift was fond of punning, and uſed to ſay that none diſliked it but thoſe who could not make one. The old Lord Pembroke was a remarkable punſter, and, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, delighted much in Swift's company on that account. One day, being at the caſtle, when a learned Phyſician was reading a long lecture to his Excellency, on the nature and qualities of Bees, calling them, on every occaſion, a nation and a commonwealth: "Yes, my Lord," ſaid Swift, "they are a very ancient nation: "you know, my Lord, Moſes takes notice of "them; he numbers the *Hivites* among thoſe "nations

" nations which Joſhua was appointed to con-
" quer."

LORD Pembroke had brought over with him, as his firſt Chaplain, one Dr. Mills, a man remarkable for a large Roman noſe, to whom Swift had taken a particular diſlike. After dining at the caſtle, one day, with a private party, of which Mills was one, Swift began to rail at the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland for bringing over ſuch blockheads for Chaplains as they uſually did. Lord Pembroke ſaid, that cenſure could not be applied to him, as his firſt Chaplain preſent had been a Profeſſor at Oxford, and was accounted an excellent Scholar. " He a Scholar!" ſaid Swift; " I dare ſay he does not know how to conſtrue " a line of Virgil." Lord Pembroke, who expected ſome ſport from this, took part with the Chaplain, ſaying, " He was ſure there " was no paſſage in Virgil which he could not " perfectly explain." " Let the book be " brought," ſaid Swift: accordingly, a Virgil was ſent for, and Swift, opening the book, pitched upon the following line: " *Romanos* " *rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.*" Mills immediately

immediately tranſlated it very properly in the uſual way. "There," ſays Swift, "I knew "he could not do it—he has not conſtrued one "word of it right. Why, pray, how would "you conſtrue it?" Thus—*Romanos*—you've a Roman noſe—*rerum*—you're a rare rum—*dominos*—damn your noſe—*gentemque togatam*—and the whole race of chaplains. Swift then took up his hat and walked off, leaving Lord Pembroke, and the reſt of the party, laughing heartily at the droll ſcene which had juſt paſſed.

NOW I am upon the ſubject of his punning, I cannot refrain from mentioning an excellent one which he made at Dr. Sheridan's, in a happy application of one of Virgil's lines. It happened that a Lady, whiſking about her long train, which was then the faſhion, threw down and broke a fine Cremona fiddle, belonging to him; upon which Swift cried out—

Mantua, væ miſeræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!

IT is pretty generally known that Mallet was a great free-thinker, and a very free ſpeaker of his free thoughts: he made no ſcruple to diſ-

ſeminate

ſeminate his ſceptical opinions wherever he could with any propriety introduce them. At his own table indeed, the Lady of the houſe (who was a ſtaunch advocate for her Huſband's opinions) would often, in the warmth of argument, ſay, "*Sir, we Deiſts.*" The lecture upon the *non credenda* of Free-thinkers was repeated ſo often, and urged with ſo much earneſtneſs, that the inferior domeſtics became ſoon as able diſputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table, being thoroughly convinced, that for any of his miſdeeds he ſhould have no after-account to make, was reſolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly the plate. Luckily he was ſo cloſely purſued, that he was brought back with his prey to his maſter's houſe, who examined him before ſome ſelect friends. At firſt the man was ſullen, and would anſwer no queſtions put to him; but, being urged to give a reaſon for his infamous behaviour, he reſolutely ſaid, 'Sir,' I had ſo often heard you talk 'of the impoſſibility of a future ſtate, that after 'death there was no reward for virtue, or pu-'niſhment for vice, that I was tempted to com-'mit the robbery.'—"Well, but, you raſcal!"

replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gal-"lows?" 'Sir,' ſaid the fellow, looking ſternly at his maſter, 'what is that to you, if 'I had a mind to venture that? You had re-'moved my greateſt terror; why ſhould I fear 'the leſſer?'

ANTONIO MORO (Sir Anthony More), who was born at Utrecht, was much noticed and patroniſed by Philip II. This Prince, who made ſlaves of his friends, and friends of his painters, treated Moro with extraordinary familiarity. This great Artiſt had not all the courtly diſcretion of Coello, and met the King's advances with the ſame eaſe with which they were made; ſo that one day, whilſt he was at work, and Philip looking on, Moro dipped his pencil in carmine, and with it ſmeared the hand of the King, who was reſting his arm on his ſhoulder. The jeſt was raſh, and the character to which it was applied, not to be played upon with impunity. The hand of the Sovereign of Spain (which even the Fair-ſex kneel down to ſalute) was never ſo treated ſince the foundation of the monarchy. The King ſurveyed it ſeriouſly awhile; and, in that perilous moment of ſuſ-

pence,

pence, the fate of Moro balanced on a hair. The Courtiers, who were in awful attendance, revolted from the ſight with horror and amazement. Caprice, or I would rather ſay pity, turned the ſcale; and Philip paſſed off the ſilly action with a ſmile of complacency. The Painter, dropping on his knees, eagerly ſeized thoſe of the King, and kiſſed his feet in humble atonement for the offence; and all was well, or ſeemed at leaſt ſo to be: but the perſon of the King was too ſacred in the conſideration of thoſe times, and the act too daring, to eſcape the notice of the awful office of the Inquiſition. Theſe holy and enlightened Fathers, maturely weighing all the circumſtances of the caſe, learnedly concluded, that Antonio Moro, being a foreigner and a traveller, had either learnt the art of magic, or obtained in England ſome ſpell, or charm, wherewith he had bewitched the King. Moro therefore thought it prudent to retire to Bruſſels. It was in vain that Philip moved him to revoke his reſolution; in vain that he ſolicited him, by letters under his own hand, expreſſed in terms the moſt kind and condeſcending, and declarations even of affection to his perſon, as well as eſteem

for his talents: the terrors of a tribunal, from which even the Royal hand that he had ſo familiarly treated, could not ſnatch him, weighed down all the careſſes, all the ſolicitations of the King; and he departed, loaded with the rewards of Philip's munificence, and penetrated with the proofs of his complacency and indulgence.

DR. JOHNSON, ſpeaking of the ſtate of literature in Scotland, ſaid that 'knowledge was divi-'ded among the Scots, like bread in a beſieged 'town, to every man a mouthful, to no man a 'bellyful.' This ſtory, the Doctor ſaid, was carried by ſome officious perſon to Lord Bute, who only anſwered, "Well, well, never mind "what he ſays, he will have the penſion all "one."

ANOTHER time, when a Scotchman was commending the beauty and dignity of Glaſgow, Mr. Johnſon ſtopped him, by obſerving "that he probably had never yet "ſeen Brentford."—And once, when a Gentleman of that country mentioned the lovely proſpects common in his nation, he could not help telling him, "that the view of the "London

" London road was the proſpect in which every
" Scotchman moſt naturally and moſt rationally
" delighted."

ONE day, as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two Ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married) the ſervant came to acquaint him, a Gentleman wiſhed to ſpeak with him. " Tell him, ſays the Doctor, " I am too happily engaged to change my ſitua- " tion!" The Ladies inſiſted upon it he ſhould go, as his viſitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as perſuaſion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding reſiſtance vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expreſſive manner for which he was ſo remarkable, ſpoke the following lines.

" Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
" And thus diſputed orders ſent from heav'n:
" Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
" Like him I go, for Angels drove us both:
" Hard was his fate, but mine ſtill more unkind;
" His Eve went with him, but mine ſtays behind.

TO ſhow what great events ſpring from trivial cauſes, it may be obſerved, that the Public are indebted to a moſt trifling incident for the greateſt part of Mr. Guy's (the founder of the Hoſpital that goes by his name) immenſe fortune being applied to charitable uſes. Guy had a Maid-ſervant whom he agreed to marry; and, preparatory to his nuptials, he had ordered the pavement before his door to be mended, ſo far as to a particular ſtone which he had marked. The Maid, while her Maſter was out, innocently looking on the paviours at work, ſaw a broken place they had not repaired, and mentioned it to them; but they told her, that Mr. Guy had directed them not to go ſo far. "Well," ſays ſhe, "do you mend it; tell him "I bid you, I know he will not be angry." It happened however that the poor Girl preſumed too far over her wary Lover, with whom the charge of a few ſhillings extraordinary turned the ſcale entirely againſt her; for Guy, enraged to find his orders exceeded, renounced the matrimonial ſcheme, and built Hoſpitals in his old-age.

MRS. BELLAMY relates a remarkable ſtory of Mrs. Montford, afterwards Mrs. Vanbruggen, wife to the promiſing Actor of that name, who was unfortunately murdered as he was eſcorting the celebrated Mrs. Bracegirdle home from the Theatre. On Mrs. Montford was the juſtly-celebrated and well-known ballad of *Black-eyed Suſan* written by Mr. Gay. Lord Berkeley's partiality for this Actreſs induced him to leave her, at his deceaſe, three hundred pounds a year, on condition ſhe never married. His Lordſhip likewiſe purchaſed Cowley for her, which was afterwards the ſummer reſidence of Mr. Rich; and ſhe beſides received from him at times very conſiderable ſums. After this ſhe fell in love with that very capital actor, Mr. Booth; but the deſire of retaining her annuity prevented her being joined in the bands of wedlock with the lover whom ſhe preferred to numbers that were candidates for her favour. This conſideration obſtructing, the union could not take place, and Mr. Booth ſoon found another mate. Mrs. Vanbruggen had contracted an intimacy with Miſs Santlow, a lady celebrated as a dancer, and eſteemed a tolerable actreſs. She was the declared favourite of Se-

cretary Craggs, through whoſe liberality ſhe became poſſeſſed of a fortune ſufficient to enable her to live independent of the ſtage. What Mrs. Montford could not effect, Miſs Santlow did. Mr. Booth, transferring his attention from the former to the latter, ſoon obtained poſſeſſion both of her perſon and fortune. Mrs. Montford no ſooner heard of the perfidy of her Lover, and the ingratitude of her Friend, than ſhe gave way to a deſperation that deprived her of her ſenſes. In this ſituation ſhe was brought from Cowley to London, that the beſt advice might be procured for her. As, during the moſt violent paroxyſms of her diſorder, ſhe was not outrageous, and now and then a ray of reaſon beamed through the cloud that overſhadowed her intellects, ſhe was not placed under any rigorous confinement, but ſuffered to go about the houſe. One day, during a lucid interval, ſhe aſked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told it was Hamlet. In this piece, while ſhe had been on the ſtage, ſhe had always met with great applauſe in the character of Ophelia. The recollection ſtruck; and with cunning, which is uſually allied to inſanity, ſhe found means

means to elude the care of her ſervants, and got to the Theatre, where, concealing herſelf till the ſcene in which Ophelia was to make her appearance in her inſane ſtate, ſhe puſhed on the ſtage before her rival, who played the character that night, and exhibited a far more perfect repreſentation of madneſs than the utmoſt exertions of mimic art could do. She was *in truth* Ophelia *herſelf*, to the amazement of the performers, as well as of the audience. Nature having made this laſt effort, her vital powers failed her. On her going off, ſhe prophetically exclaimed, *It is all over!* and indeed that was ſoon the caſe; for, as ſhe was conveying home (to make uſe of the concluding lines of another ſweet ballad of Gay's, wherein her fate is ſo truly deſcribed) "She, like a lily "drooping, then bow'd her head, and dy'd."

IN conſequence of King James the Second's intrigues with Sir Charles Sedley's daughter, he created her Counteſs of Dorcheſter. This honour, ſo far from pleaſing, greatly ſhocked Sir Charles. However libertine himſelf had been, yet he could not bear the thoughts of his daughter's diſhonour; and with regard to this her exaltation,

altation, he only conſidered it as rendering her more conſpicuouſly infamous. He therefore conceived a hatred for the King; and from this, as well as other motives, readily joined to diſpoſſeſs him of the throne. A witty ſaying of Sedley's, on this occaſion, is recorded. "I "hate ingratitude," ſaid Sir Charles; "and "therefore, as the King has made my daughter "a Counteſs, I will endeavour to make his "daughter a Queen;" meaning the Princeſs Mary, married to the Prince of Orange, who diſpoſſeſſed James of the throne, at the ever-glorious Revolution.

THE Counteſs, being one evening at the play, ſeated herſelf on the ſame bench with a Lady of rigid virtue: the other immediately ſhrunk back; which the Counteſs obſerving, ſaid, with a ſmile, "Don't be afraid, Ma-"dam, gallantry is not catching."

THE night ſucceeding Queen Anne's coronation, or rather the morning, her Majeſty turned to the Prince, her huſband, with a ſmile, "George, will you go to reſt?" The Prince, joyous with his company on that moſt joyous occaſion,

occaſion, replied, in the ſame ſtrain, 'No 'Madam; how dare I go to bed to my Sove-'reign? I am now only your ſubject, and, 'like other ſubjects, am under the command 'of my Prince.'—"Why then, George, I com-"mand you to come to bed."

THE whimſical and immortal author of Triſtram Shandy was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning. His pariſhioners had timely information of this circumſtance; and knowing he would preach the next morning at his pariſh-church, and deſirous, at the ſame time, of ſeeing the Bride, they aſſembled in ſuch crowds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The Bride, as was expected, made her appearance; and the country folks indulged themſelves with uſual obſervations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit. Here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their aſtoniſhment, to be the following: "We have toiled all night, and "have caught no fiſh." The Congregation looked at each other: ſome ſmiled, others ſtopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs,

to

to prevent them from laughing; while the old folks wore very ſerious faces, and thought the humouriſt a very odd ſort of a man for a pulpit-lecturer: however, they attended to his diſcourſe, which turned out, as uſual, very inſtructive; and all went home very highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who bluſhed down to her fingers ends, every ſtep of the way to her houſe.

IT is ſaid, as the late Earl of Cheſterfield was ſpending the evening with a party of ſelect friends, the converſation inſenſibly turned upon Placemen and Penſioners. While the company's attention was engaged upon the ſubject, his Lordſhip called for pen and ink, and immediately wrote the following ſatirical Petition.

"To the KING's Moſt Excellent Majeſty,

"*The humble Petition of* PHILIP, Earl *of* Cheſterfield, *Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter*,

"SHEWETH,

"THAT your Petitioner being rendered, by deafneſs, as uſeleſs and inſignificant as moſt of

of his equals and contemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to ſhare your Majeſty's royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled either to ſave or ſpend, as he ſhall think proper, more than he can do at preſent: That your Petitioner, having had the honour of ſerving your Majeſty in ſeveral very lucrative employments, ſeems thereby entitled to a lucrative retreat from buſineſs, and to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*; that is, leiſure and a large penſion.—Your Petitioner humbly preſumes, That he has, at leaſt, a common claim to ſuch a penſion: he has a vote in the moſt auguſt Aſſembly in the world; he has an eſtate that puts him above wanting it; but he has, at the ſame time, (though he ſays it) an elevation of ſentiment, that makes him not only deſire, but (pardon, dread Sir, an expreſſion you are uſed to) *inſiſt* upon it: That your Petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to ſpeak advantageouſly of himſelf; but as, after all, ſome juſtice is due to one's ſelf, as well as to others, he begs leave to repreſent, That his loyalty to your Majeſty has always been unſhaken, even in the worſt of times; that particularly, in the late unnatural Rebellion, when the

the Pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of at leaſt three thouſand undiſciplined men, the flower of the Scottiſh nobility and gentry, your Petitioner did not join him, as unqueſtionably he might have done, had he been ſo inclined; but, on the contrary, raiſed ſixteen companies, of one hundred men each, at the public expence, in ſupport of Your Majeſty's unqueſtioned right to the imperial crown of theſe realms; which diſtinguiſhed proof of his loyalty is to this hour unrewarded. —Your Majeſty's Petitioner is well aware, that your Civil Liſt muſt neceſſarily be in a very low and languid ſtate, after the various, frequent, and profuſe evacuations which it has of late years undergone; but at the ſame time he preſumes to hope, that this argument, which ſeems not to have been made uſe of againſt any other perſon whatſoever, ſhall not, in his ſingle caſe, be urged againſt him; and the leſs ſo, as he has good reaſons to believe, that the deficiencies of the Penſion-fund are by no means the laſt that will be made good by Parliament. —Your Petitioner begs leave to obſerve, that a ſmall penſion is diſgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a ſhameful neceſſity on one part,

and

and a degrading ſort of character on the other; but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one ſide; on the other, regard and eſteem; which, doubtleſs, Your Majeſty muſt entertain, in the higheſt degree, for thoſe great perſonages whoſe reſpectable names ſtand upon your eleemoſynary liſt. Your Petitioner therefore humbly perſuades himſelf, upon this principle, that leſs than three thouſand pounds a year will not be propoſed to him: if made up gold, the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.—Your Petitioner perſuades himſelf, that Your Majeſty will not ſuſpect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, intereſted motive, of which he has always had the utmoſt abhorrence. No, Sir, he confeſſes his own weakneſs: Honour alone is his object, honour is his paſſion; honour is dearer to him than life; to honour he has always ſacrificed all other conſiderations; and upon this general principle, alone, he now ſolicits that honour, which, in the moſt ſhining times, diſtinguiſhed the greateſt men of Greece, who were fed at the expence of the public. Upon this honour, ſo ſacred to him as a Peer, ſo tender to him as a man, he moſt ſolemnly aſ-

ſures

ſures Your Majeſty, that, in caſe you ſhould be pleaſed to grant him this his moſt humble requeſt, he will gratefully and honourably ſupport, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worſt meaſure that the worſt Miniſter can ever ſuggeſt to Your Majeſty; but, on the other hand, ſhould he be ſingled out, marked, and branded by a refuſal, he thinks himſelf obliged in honour to declare, that he will, to the utmoſt of his power, oppoſe the beſt and wiſeſt meaſures that your Majeſty yourſelf can ever dictate.

"And Your Majeſty's Petitioner
ſhall ever pray."

FATHER PETRE promiſed King James to make a convert of Buckingham to Popery. He began by attacking the imagination in its weakeſt part, fear: 'We, my Lord,' ſaid the Jeſuit, 'deny that any can poſſibly be ſaved out of 'our church: Your Grace allows that our 'people may be ſaved.'—"No, curſe you!" ſaid the Duke; "I make no doubt but you will "be all damned, to a man." At this, Father Petre ſtarted; and ſaid, very gravely, 'I 'cannot agree with a perſon ſo void of all cha-'rity.'—"I did not expect, my Reverend

"Father,"

"Father," ſaid the Duke calmly, "ſuch a "reproach from you, whoſe whole reaſoning "was founded on the very ſame inſtance of "want of charity in yourſelf."

THE Duke of Queenſbury, in his journey to Scotland, heard that Buckingham lay at a certain Inn, not many miles from the road, in an illneſs from which he could not recover. His Grace charitably paid the ſick man a viſit, and aſked him if he would have a Clergyman. "I look upon them," ſays Buckingham, "to "be a parcel of ſilly fellows, who do not "trouble themſelves about what they teach." Queenſbury then aſked, if he would have his Chaplain, who was a Preſbyterian: "No,' ſaid Bucks; "theſe fellows always made me "ſick with their whine and cant." Queenſbury, taking it for granted that he muſt be of ſome religion, and of conſequence a Roman-Catholic, told him there was a Popiſh Lord in the neighbourhood, and aſked him if he ſhould ſend for a Prieſt. "No," ſays the dying man, "theſe raſcals eat God: but if you know of "any ſet of fellows that eat the Devil, I ſhould "be obliged to you if you would ſend for one "of them."

THE famous Judge Jeffries was notable at confounding and browbeating witneſſes, as they call it, eſpecially when their teſtimonies were not agreeable to him. An old reverend man, with a great beard, was giving evidence before him, when Jeffries, in hopes to put him out of countenance, ſaid, "If that fellow's conſcience "is as long as his beard, he will ſwear what "he pleaſes." The Witneſs, taking hold of his beard, gravely replied, 'Nay, my Lord, if 'you meaſure conſcience by beards, your Lord-'ſhip has none at all.'

A PARCEL of females ſtanding behind Lady W—n's chair, in the room at Bath, while ſhe was playing at cards, but not knowing her, took great liberties with her character. When the deal was up, her partner aſked her whether ſhe had any *honours*. "Really," ſaid her Ladyſhip, "I don't know whether theſe Ladies have left "me any or not."

DURING Mr. Pope's laſt illneſs, a diſpute happened in his chamber, between his phyſicians, Dr. Burton and Dr. Thompſon; the former charging the latter with haſtening his death,

death by the violent purges he had preſcribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope at length ſilenced them, by ſaying, "Gentlemen, "I only learn, by your diſcourſe, that I am in a "dangerous way; therefore, all I have now to "aſk is, that the following Epigram may be "added, after my death, to the next edition of "the Dunciad, by way of poſtſcript:

"Dunces, rejoice, forgive all cenſures paſt;
"The greateſt Dunce has kill'd your foe at laſt."

It was then generally believed, that theſe lines were really written by Burton himſelf; and the following Epigram, by a friend of Thompſon, was occaſioned by the foregoing one:

"As Phyſic and Verſe both to Phœbus belong,
"So the College oft dabble in potion and ſong;
"Hence Burton, reſolv'd his emetics ſhall hit,
"When his recipe fails, gives a puke with his wit."

Mr. Quin was the only performer of any reputation when Mr. Garrick firſt appeared on the ſtage, and he had likewiſe been one of his earlieſt oppoſers. When he ſaw the ſucceſs which attended the performances of his rival, he obſerved, with his uſual ſpleen, "That "Garrick was like a new religion; Whitefield

" was followed for a time, but they would all " come to Church again." We mention this anecdote merely on account of the reply which it induced Mr. Garrick to write, and which was as follows :

Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
Complains " that *hereſy* corrupts the town ;
" That Whitefield Garrick has miſled the age,
" And taints the ſound religion of the ſtage :
" Schiſm, he cries, has turn'd the nation's brain ;
" But eyes will open, and to *church* again."
Thou great Infallible ! forbear to roar,
Thy bulls and errors are rever'd no more ;
When doctrines meet with general approbation,
It is not *hereſy*, but *reformation*.

A LADY, a relation of the celebrated Mr. Churchill, the Poet, who reſided in a diſtant country, came one ſummer to viſit him in London. Churchill conducted her to Weſtminſter Abbey, in order to ſhow her the monuments in that venerable ſtructure ; and thence he led her to the Houſe of Commons.—'This,' ſaid he, is 'St. Stephen's Chapel'—" A chapel !" anſwered the Lady ; " it is by no means like a chapel."—' Not abſolutely like one,' returned the Poet,

' but

'but as much like one as the temple of Jeruſa-
'lem was in the time of our Saviour.'—"Ah!"
ſaid ſhe, "was that temple built like this?"—
'No, no,' replied Churchill, 'the reſemblance
'is not in the ſtructure, but in the ſervice per-
'formed here; for this chapel, like the temple
'of the Jews, is not ſo much a houſe of prayer as
'a market, a change, where people buy, ſell, or
'diſcount.'—"Ah!" returned the other, "what
"do they buy, what do they ſell here?"—'They
'buy,' ſaid Churchill, 'places and penſions—
'and they ſell their conſciences and their coun-
'try.' Such was the ſevere judgement of this impetuous Satyriſt, paſſed on the great palladium of Engliſh Liberties. How happy may we be in the aſſurance the charge is groundleſs!

MR. MOORE, in his *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, relates ſeveral curious particulars of the Holy Chapel of Loretto; which "was (ſays he) originally a ſmall houſe in Nazareth, inhabited by the Virgin Mary, in which ſhe was ſaluted by the Angel, and where ſhe bred our Saviour. After their deaths, it was held in great veneration by all believers in Jeſus, and at length conſecrated into a Cha-

pel, and dedicated to the Virgin; upon which occaſion St. Luke made that identical image, which is ſtill preſerved, and dignified with the name of our Lady of Loretto. This ſanctified edifice was allowed to ſojourn in Galilee as long as that diſtrict was inhabited by Chriſtians; but when Infidels had got poſſeſſion of the country, a band of Angels, to ſave it from pollution, took it in their arms, and conveyed it from Nazareth to a caſtle in Dalmatia. This fact might have been called in queſtion by incredulous people, had it been performed in a ſecret manner; but, that it might be manifeſt to the moſt ſhort-ſighted ſpectator, and evident to all who were not perfectly deaf as well as blind, a blaze of celeſtial light, and a concert of divine muſic, accompanied it during the whole journey: beſides, when the Angels, to reſt themſelves, ſet it down in a little wood near the road, all the trees of the foreſt bowed their heads to the ground, and continued in that reſpectful poſture as long as the Sacred Chapel remained among them. But, not having been entertained with ſuitable reſpect at the caſtle above mentioned, the ſame indefatigable Angels carried it over the ſea, and placed it in a field belonging

belonging to a noble Lady, called Lauretta, from whom the Chapel takes its name. This field happened, unfortunately, to be frequented at that time by highwaymen and murderers: a circumſtance with which the Angels undoubtedly were not acquainted when they placed it there. After they were better informed, they removed it to the top of a hill belonging to two Brothers, where they imagined it would be perfectly ſecure from the dangers of robbery or aſſaſſination; but the two Brothers, the proprietors of the ground, being equally enamoured of their new viſitor, became jealous of each other, quarrelled, fought, and fell by mutual wounds. After this fatal cataſtrophe, the Angels in waiting finally moved the Holy Chapel to the eminence where it now ſtands, and has ſtood theſe four hundred years, having loſt all reliſh for travelling.

"To ſilence the captious objections of cavillers, and give full ſatisfaction to the candid inquirer, a deputation of reſpectable perſons was ſent from Loretto to the city of Nazareth, who, previous to their ſetting-out, took the dimenſions of the Holy Houſe with the moſt ſcrupulous

exactneſs. On their arrival at Nazareth, they found the citizens ſcarcely recovered from their aſtoniſhment; for it may be eaſily ſuppoſed, that the ſudden diſappearance of a houſe from the middle of a town, would naturally occaſion a conſiderable degree of ſurpriſe, even in the moſt philoſophic minds. The Landlords had been alarmed in a particular manner, and had made inquiries, and offered rewards, all over Galilee, without having been able to get any ſatisfactory account of the fugitive. They felt their intereſt much affected by this incident; for, as houſes had never before been conſidered as *moveables*, their value fell immediately. This indeed might be partly owing to certain evil-minded perſons, who, taking advantage of the public alarm, for ſelfiſh purpoſes circulated a report, that ſeveral other houſes were on the wing, and would, moſt probably, diſappear in a few days. This affair being ſo much the object of attention at Nazareth, and the Builders of that city declaring, they would as ſoon build upon quick-ſand as on the vacant ſpace which the Chapel had left at its departure, the Deputies from Loretto had no difficulty in diſcovering the foundation of that edifice, which they

they carefully compared with the dimenſions they had brought from Loretto, and found that they tallied exactly. Of this they made oath at their return; and in the mind of every rational perſon, it remains no longer a queſtion, whether this is the real houſe which the Virgin Mary inhabited, or not. Many of thoſe particulars are narrated, with other circumſtances, in books which are ſold here; but I have been informed of one circumſtance, which has not hitherto been publiſhed in any book, and which, I dare ſwear, you will think ought to be made known for the benefit of future travellers. This morning, immediately before we left the inn, to viſit the Holy Chapel, an Italian ſervant, whom the Duke of Hamilton engaged at Venice, took me aſide, and told me, in a very ſerious manner, that ſtrangers were apt ſecretly to break off little pieces of the ſtone belonging to the Santa Caſa, in the hopes that ſuch precious relics might bring them good fortune; but he earneſtly entreated me not to do any ſuch thing: for he knew a man at Venice, who had broken off a ſmall corner of one of the ſtones, and ſlipt it into his breeches-pocket unperceived; but, ſo far from bringing him good

fortune,

fortune, it had burnt its way out. like *aqua-fortis*, before he left the Chapel, and ſcorched his thighs in ſuch a miſerable manner, that he was not able to ſit on horſeback for a month. I thanked Giovanni for his obliging hint, and aſſured him I ſhould not attempt any theft of that nature.

"The Sacred Chapel ſtands due eaſt and weſt, at the farther end of a large church of the moſt durable ſtone of Iſtria, which has been built around it. This may be conſidered as the external covering, or as a kind of great-coat to the Caſa Santa, which has a ſmaller coat of more precious materials and workmanſhip nearer its body. This internal covering, or caſe, is of the choiceſt marble, after a plan of San Savino's, and ornamented with *baſſo-relievos*, the workmanſhip of the beſt ſculptors which Italy could furniſh in the reign of Leo the Tenth. The ſubject of thoſe *baſſo-relievos* are, the hiſtory of the Bleſſed Virgin, and other parts of the Bible. The whole caſe is about fifty feet long, thirty in breadth, and the ſame in height; but the real houſe itſelf is no more than thirty-two feet in length, fourteen in breadth,

breadth, and at the ſides, about eighteen feet in height; the centre of the roof is four or five feet higher. The walls of this little Holy Chapel are compoſed of pieces of a reddiſh ſubſtance, of an oblong-ſquare ſhape, laid one upon another, in the manner of brick. At firſt ſight, on a ſuperficial view, theſe red-coloured oblong ſubſtances appear to be nothing elſe but common Italian bricks; and, which is ſtill more extraordinary, on a ſecond and third view, with all poſſible attention, they ſtill have the ſame appearance. There is not, however, as we were aſſured, a ſingle particle of brick in their whole compoſition, being entirely of a ſtone, which, though it cannot now be found in Paleſtine, was formerly very common, particularly in the neighbourhood of Nazareth. There is a ſmall interval between the walls of the ancient houſe, and the marble caſe. The workmen, at firſt, intended them to be in contact, from an opinion, founded either upon groſs ignorance or infidelity, that the former ſtood in need of ſupport from the latter; but the marble either ſtarted back of itſelf, from ſuch impious familiarity, being conſcious of its unworthineſs; or elſe was thruſt back by the coyneſs

coyneſs of the Virgin brick,—it is not ſaid which. But it has certainly kept at a proper diſtance ever ſince. While we examined the *baſſo-relievos* of the marble caſe, we were not a little incommoded by the numbers of Pilgrims who were conſtantly crawling around it on their knees, kiſſing the ground, and ſaying their prayers with great fervour. As they crept along, they diſcovered ſome degree of eagerneſs to be neareſt the wall; not, I am perſuaded, with a view of ſaving their own labour, by contracting the circumference of their circuit; but from an idea that the evolutions they were performing, would be the more beneficial to their ſouls, the nearer they were to the Sacred Houſe. This exerciſe is continued in proportion to the zeal and ſtrength of the patient.

"Above the door there is an inſcription; by which it appears, that any perſon who enters with arms is, *ipſo facto*, excommunicated.

INGREDIENTES CUM ARMIS SUNT EXCOMMUNICATI.

"There are alſo the ſevereſt denunciations againſt thoſe who carry away the ſmalleſt particle

ticle of the ſtone and mortar belonging to this Chapel. The adventure of the burnt breeches, and others of a ſimilar nature, which are induſtriouſly circulated, have contributed, as much as any denunciation, to prevent ſuch attempts. Had it not been for the impreſſions they make, ſo great was the eagerneſs of the multitude to be poſſeſſed of any portion of this little edifice, that the whole was in danger of being carried away—not by Angels, but piece-meal in the pockets of the Pilgrims.

"The Holy Houſe is divided, within, into two unequal portions, by a kind of grate-work of ſilver. The diviſion towards the weſt is about three-fourths of the whole; that to the eaſt is called the Sanctuary. In the larger diviſion, which may be conſidered as the main body of the houſe, the walls are left bare, to ſhow the true original fabric of Nazareth ſtone. Theſe ſtones, which bear ſuch a ſtrong reſemblance to bricks, are looſe in many places. I took notice of this to a Pilgrim, who entered with us: he ſmiled, ſaying, "*Che la non habbia paura,*
"*Padron mio, queſti muri ſono piu ſolidi degli*

"*Appe-*

"*Apennini**." At the lower, or weſtern wall, there is a window, the ſame through which the angel Gabriel entered at the Annunciation. The architraves of this window are covered with ſilver. There are a great number of golden and ſilver lamps in this Chapel; I did not count them, but I was told there were above ſixty: one of them is a preſent from the republic of Venice; it is of gold, and weighs thirty-ſeven pounds: ſome of the ſilver lamps weigh from one hundred and twenty, to one hundred and thirty pounds. At the upper end of the largeſt room is an altar, but ſo low, that from it you may ſee the famous image which ſtands over the chimney, in the ſmall room, or Sanctuary. Golden and ſilver Angels, of conſiderable ſize, kneel around her, ſome offering hearts of gold, enriched with diamonds, and one an Infant of pure gold. The wall of the Sanctuary is plated with ſilver, and adorned with crucifixes, precious ſtones, and votive gifts of various kinds. The figure of the Virgin herſelf by no means correſponds with the fine furniture of her houſe: ſhe is a little woman, about four feet in height, with

* Be not afraid, my good Sir, theſe walls are more firm than the Apennines.

with the features and complexion of a negro. Of all the ſculptors that ever exiſted, aſſuredly St. Luke, by whom this figure is ſaid to have been made, is the leaſt of a flatterer; and nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the Bleſſed Virgin's contempt for external beauty, than her being ſatisfied with this repreſentation of her; eſpecially if, as I am inclined to believe, her face and perſon really reſembled thoſe beautiful ideas of her, conveyed by the pencils of Raphael, Correggio, and Guido. The figure of the infant Jeſus, by St. Luke, is of a piece with that of the Virgin: he holds a large golden globe in one hand, and the other is extended in the act of bleſſing. Both figures have crowns on their heads, enriched with diamonds: theſe were preſents from Ann of Auſtria, Queen of France. Both arms of the Virgin are incloſed within her robes, and no part but her face is to be ſeen. Her dreſs is moſt magnificent, but in a wretched bad taſte: this is not ſurpriſing, for ſhe has no female attendant. She has particular clothes for the different feaſts held in honour of her, and, which is not quite ſo decent, is always dreſſed and undreſſed by the Prieſts belonging to the Chapel. Her robes are ornamented

ornamented with all kinds of precious ſtones, down to the hem of her garment.

"There is a ſmall place behind the Sanctuary, into which we were alſo admitted. This is a favour ſeldom refuſed to ſtrangers of a decent appearance. In this they ſhow the chimney, and ſome other furniture, which, they pretend, belonged to the Virgin when ſhe lived at Nazareth; particularly a little earthen porringer, out of which the Infant uſed to eat. The Pilgrims bring roſaries, little crucifixes, and Agnus Dei's, which the obliging Prieſt ſhakes for half a minute in this diſh; after which, it is believed, they acquire the virtue of curing various diſeaſes, and prove an excellent preventative of all temptations of Satan. The gown which the Image had on when the Chapel arrived from Nazareth, is of red camblet, and carefully kept in a glaſs ſhrine.

"Above a hundred maſſes are daily ſaid in this Chapel, and in the Church in which it ſtands. The muſic we heard in the Chapel was remarkably fine. A certain number of the Chaplains are Eunuchs, who perform the double duty of

ſinging

ſinging the offices in the choir, and ſaying maſſes at the altar. The canonical law, which excludes perſons in their ſituation from the prieſthood, is eluded by a very extraordinary expedient, which I ſhall leave you to gueſs.

" The jewels and riches to be ſeen at any one time in the Holy Chapel, are of ſmall value in compariſon of thoſe in the treaſury, which is a large room adjoining to the veſtry of the great church. In the preſſes of this room are kept thoſe preſents which royal, noble, and rich bigots, of all ranks, have, by oppreſſing their ſubjects, and injuring their families, ſent to this place. To enumerate every particular, would fill volumes. They conſiſt of various utenſils, and other things in ſilver and gold; as lamps, candleſticks, goblets, crowns, and crucifixes; lambs, eagles, ſaints, apoſtles, angels, virgins, and infants: then there are cameos, pearls, gems, and precious ſtones of all kinds, and in great numbers. What is valued above all the other jewels is, the miraculous pearl, wherein they aſſert, that Nature has given a faithful delineation of the Virgin, ſitting on a cloud, with the infant Jeſus in her

arms. I freely acknowledge, that I did ſee ſomething like a woman with a child in her arms; but whether Nature intended this as a portrait of the Virgin Mary, or not, I will not take upon me to ſay; yet I will candidly confeſs (though, perhaps, ſome of my friends in the north, may think it is ſaying too much in ſupport of the Popiſh opinion) that the figure in this pearl bore as great a likeneſs to ſome pictures I have ſeen of the Virgin, as to any female of my acquaintance.

"There was not room in the preſſes of the treaſury, to hold all the ſilver pieces which have been preſented to the Virgin. Several other preſſes in the veſtry, they told us, were completely full, and they made offer to ſhow them; but our curioſity was already ſatiated.

"It is ſaid, that thoſe pieces are occaſionally melted down, by his Holineſs, for the uſe of the State; and alſo, that the moſt precious of the jewels are picked out, and ſold for the ſame purpoſe, falſe ſtones being ſubſtituted in their room. This is an affair entirely between the Virgin and the Pope: if ſhe does not, I know no other perſon who has a right to complain.

"Pilgrimages

" Pilgrimages to Loretto are not ſo frequent with foreigners, or with Italians of fortune and diſtinction, as formerly; nineteen out of twenty, of thoſe who make this journey now, are poor people, who depend for their maintenance on the charity they receive on the road. To thoſe who are of ſuch a rank in life as precludes them from availing themſelves of the charitable inſtitutions for the maintenance of pilgrims, ſuch journies are attended with expence and inconveniency; and I am informed, that fathers and huſbands, in moderate or confined circumſtances, are frequently brought to diſagreeable dilemmas, by the raſh vows of going to Loretto, which their wives or daughters are apt to make on any ſuppoſed deliverance from danger. To refuſe, is conſidered, by the whole neighbourhood, as cruel, and even impious; and to grant, is often highly diſtreſſing, particularly to ſuch huſbands as, from affection, or any other motive, do not chooſe that their wives ſhould be long out of their ſight. But the poor, who are maintained during their whole journey, and have nothing more than a bare maintenance to expect from their labour at home, to them a journey to Lo-

retto is a party of pleaſure, as well as devotion, and by much the moſt agreeable road they can take to heaven. This being a year of jubilee, there is a far greater concourſe of Pilgrims of all ranks here, at preſent, than is uſual. We have ſeen a few in their carriages, a greater number on horſeback, or on mules, or, what is ſtill more common, on aſſes. Great numbers of females come in this manner, with a male friend walking by them, as their guide and protector; but the greateſt number, of both ſexes, are on foot. When we approached near Loretto, the road was crowded with them: they generally ſet out before ſun-riſe; and, having repoſed themſelves during the heat of the day, continue their journey again in the evening. They ſing their matins, and their evening hymns, aloud. As many have fine voices and delicate ears, thoſe vocal concerts have a charming effect at a little diſtance. During the ſtillneſs of the morning and the evening, we were ſerenaded with this ſolemn religious muſic for a conſiderable part of the road. The Pilgrims on foot, as ſoon as they enter the ſuburbs, begin a hymn in honour of the Virgin, which they continue till they reach

reach the Church. The poorer ſort are received into an hoſpital, where they have bed and board for three days.

" The only trade of Loretto conſiſts of roſaries, crucifixes, little Madonas, Agnus Dei's, and medals, which are manufactured here, and ſold to Pilgrims. There are great numbers of ſhops full of theſe commodities, ſome of them of a high price; but infinitely the greater part are adapted to the purſes of the buyers, and ſold for a mere trifle. The evident poverty of thoſe manufacturers and traders, and of the inhabitants of this town in general, is a ſufficient proof that the reputation of our Lady of Loretto is greatly on the decline.

" In the great Church, which contains the Holy Chapel, are Confeſſionals, where the Penitents from every country of Europe may be confeſſed in their own language, Prieſts being always in waiting for that purpoſe: each of them has a long white rod in his hand, with which he touches the heads of thoſe to whom he thinks it proper to give abſolution. They place themſelves on their knees, in groupes,

around the confeſſional chair; and when the Holy Father has touched their heads with the expiatory rod, they retire, freed from the burthen of their ſins, and with renewed courage to begin a freſh account.

"In the ſpacious area before this church, there is an elegant marble fountain, ſupplied with water from an adjoining hill, by an aqueduct. Few even of the moſt inconſiderable towns of Italy are without the uſeful ornament of a public fountain. The embelliſhments of Sculpture and Architecture are employed, with great propriety, on ſuch works as are continually in the people's view: the air is refreſhed, and the eye delighted, by the ſtreams of water they pour forth; a ſight peculiarly agreeable in a warm climate. In this area there is alſo a ſtatue of Sixtus the Fifth, in bronze. Over the portal of the church itſelf is a ſtatue of the Virgin; and above the middle gate is a Latin inſcription, importing, that within is the Houſe of the Mother of God, in which the Word was made fleſh. The gates of the church are likewiſe of bronze, embelliſhed with *baſſo-relievos* of admirable workmanſhip; the ſubjects taken partly

partly from the Old, and partly from the New Teſtament, and divided into different compartments. As the gates of this church are ſhut at noon, the Pilgrims who arrive after that time can get no nearer the Santa Caſa than theſe gates, which are, by this means, ſometimes expoſed to the firſt violence of that holy ardour which was deſigned for the Chapel itſelf. All the ſculpture upon the gates, which is within reach of the mouths of thoſe zealots, is, in ſome degree, effaced by their kiſſes. The murder of Abel, by his brother, is upon a level with the lips of a perſon of an ordinary ſize, when kneeling. Poor Abel has been always unfortunate: had he been placed a foot higher or lower on the gate, he might have remained there, in ſecurity, for ages; but, in the unluckly place that the Sculptor has put him, his whole body has been almoſt entirely kiſſed away by the Pilgrims; whilſt Cain ſtands untouched, in his original attitude, frowning and fierce as ever.

LEWIS the Fifteenth's paſſion for the Marchioneſs of Pompadour increaſed in ſo violent a manner, and the ambition of the Favourite took

took ſo high a flight, that ſhe was the univerſal topic of converſation, from one end of the kingdom to the other. She became the channel of all favours, which ſhe could not concentrate in herſelf or her family; ſhe appointed and diſgraced the Miniſters and Generals; ſhe was the arbitreſs of peace and war; but ſhe preſided more eſpecially over the department of pleaſure, the only one indeed ſhe held at firſt, the only one which became her, and which ſhe filled with equal taſte and talents.

Madame D'Etioles had procured a divorce from her huſband: it was no longer proper that ſhe ſhould bear his name; and more particularly, that of a ſimple under-farmer of the revenue. The King dignified her with the title of Marchioneſs of Pompadour, which was the name of an ancient houſe, extinct. Soon after this elevation, there happened a very droll ſcene in the provinces. M. D'Etioles, baniſhed from Paris, and recalled to life, was endeavouring, during the convaleſcence, to confirm his health, and to diſſipate the remains of his melancholy by a variety of objects: for this purpoſe, he travelled through the ſkirts of France, till he ſhould be permitted

ted to draw nearer the capital. He was well received and entertained by the men; ſought after and careſſed by the women. The firſt courted his protection; the latter diſtinguiſhed him by their favours. It was not doubted, but that he would return to Paris, and acquire a great influence there; or, at leaſt, that his Wife, when ſhe came to be informed of the attention that had been ſhown him, would be pleaſed; and that this circumſtance would be a claim to her protection. In every province, the firſt Nobility ſought his company, and were deſirous of giving him entertainments. At one of theſe he met with an old country Gentleman, happy enough to know nothing about the Court, the King, or his Miſtreſs; and even ignorant of his having one. He was only attentive to the veneration which the Traveller ſeemed to inſpire all the gueſts with, and wiſhed to conform to it. For this purpoſe, he inquired of one of his neighbours the name of the Stranger. He was told, that he was the huſband of the Marchioneſs of Pompadour. He kept it in his mind; and, the firſt time he took up his glaſs, looking at M. D'Eticles, according to the old cuſtom, which he thought ſtill in uſe, he ſaid:

'*Monſieur*

'*Monſieur le Marquis de Pompadour, will you* '*give me leave to have the honour to drink your* '*health?*' All the company immediately burſt out a laughing, except the ſtranger, whoſe ſorrows were cruelly revived by this; and the ſpeaker was ſtricken dumb at the general ridicule. He was terribly aſhamed; when one of the company had the charity to explain to him the folly which his ignorance and indiſcretion had made him guilty of: a folly ſo much the more diſagreeable, as it was of a nature not to be repaired by any excuſe; and that it was neceſſary the ſubject ſhould be entirely dropped.

Madame de Pompadour was naturally fond of the Arts, and of Literature. When ſhe was only Madame D'Eticles, ſhe was attended by men of wit, and authors. Among theſe was Voltaire:—the favour of this Lady ſerved only to ſtrengthen the attachment of this great Poet, who, at that time, was likewiſe very ambitious. She employed him at firſt in her feſtivals; and, at the time of the Dauphin's marriage, he compoſed the *Princeſs of Navarre*, a comedy, with interludes, muſic, and

and ſinging. M. de la Poupeliniere, a Farmer-general, and a man of letters, inſerted ſome airs into it: Rameau had compoſed the muſic; and for all this the piece was not the better. The Poet, however, was rewarded with the poſt of Gentleman of the Bedchamber in ordinary; without purchaſe., This was a preſent of about 60,000 livres,* and the more acceptable, as, a ſhort time after, he obtained the ſingular favour of being allowed to ſell his place, while he kept the title, privileges, and functions of it. He had himſelf jeſted upon this performance, and upon the exceſſive price he had received for it, in an extempore, which is little known.

My *Henriad* and my *Za-i-re*,
My fair American *Alzire*,
Were all unnoticed by the King;
I'd many foes, and very little fame.
Honours and wealth now plenteous ſpring,
From a fooliſh thing,
A farce that ſcarce deſerves a name.†

THE

* Two thouſand five hundred pounds.

† Mon *Henri* Quatre & ma *Zaïre*,
Et mon Américaine *Alzire*,

Ne

The ill ſucceſs of the *Princeſs of Navarre*, did not prevent the Marchioneſs of Pompadour from employing Voltaire on the King's return. The buſineſs was to celebrate, in a proper manner, the victories of their Monarch, and to crown him as a hero. He contrived an Opera, intitled the *Temple of Glory*. In this heroic ballad, Lewis the Fifteenth was indicated by the name of *Trajan*: he was not running after that Deity; ſhe came to him, aſſociated him to herſelf, and placed him in her temple, which was immediately changed into the temple of Public Felicity. This ſpectacle, firſt executed in the *petits appartemens*, was repreſented by the Noblemen and Ladies of the Court, among whom the favourite ſhone conſpicuous. She played the principal character; and we may imagine how well the Monarch muſt have been pleaſed, at ſeeing himſelf crowned at once by Glory and Love. A ſingular anecdote happened at this entertainment, the authenticity of which we had doubted, till we

Ne m'ont jamais valu un ſeul regard du Roi;
J'avois mille ennemis, avec très peu de gloire:
Les honneurs, & les biens pleuvent enfin ſur moi,
Pour une farce de la foire.

we found it mentioned, without contradiction, in a work publiſhed under the auſpices of the King's next brother. Voltaire, on this day, when all *etiquette* was baniſhed, being in the King's box, behind his Majeſty, towards the end of the piece, could not contain his rapture; and taking the Monarch in his arms, cried out with tranſport: '*Well, Trajan, do you know* '*yourſelf again?*' Some of the guards immemediately came up to puniſh this want of reſpect, and carried him off. But in the main, the extaſy was too flattering to the King, who forgave the raſh enthuſiaſt.

IT is well known that Colley Cibber was engaged in a paper-war with Pope; and being told, one day, that Pope intended to proſecute him, for making too free with his character, Cibber happened to be in a peeviſh temper, and replied, 'He may kiſs my a—e.' Upon this, one of his friends, who was upon the banter, obſerved, that was not language for a gentleman; and, that he was ſure that he (Cibber) would not ſay ſo to Pope's face. 'By G-d, Sir,' ſays Colley, 'I would tell 'him ſo, or any puppy that ſhould take his 'part.'

'part.' This aſſertion was what they were fiſhing for, as they now perceived that he was in a right cue to be worked up to any pitch; and ſo it proved; for, before they parted, they provoked him to a bett of one hundred guineas, that he would bid Pope kiſs his a—e in the public playhouſe; bid the company he ſat with kiſs his a—e, let them be who they would; bid Box, Pit, and Gallery, ſeparately, kiſs his a—e, likewiſe; and, in concluſion, bid the whole houſe kiſs his a—e all together. This mad wager ſoon got wind; and it was generally known that Pope was to be at the play the next night. When the time came, the houſe was crowded. Now, as it was in the beginning of term, the Solicitor and Attorney-general were both in the Stage-box, according to ancient cuſtom; and who ſhould be perched plump between them, but Alexander the Little? Well, Colley had bought the collar, and he was reſolved to go through with it: ſo juſt as the laſt muſic was playing, and the curtain ready to be drawn up, he rang the bell, and puſhed boldly on the ſtage. Cibber bowed; the houſe clapped. He bowed again: all was attention; and thus he began:

'Ladies

'Ladies and Gentlemen, I have a ſtory to tell 'you, to which if you don't honour me with 'an indulgent hearing, I ſhall loſe one hun-'dred guineas.' Upon this an univerſal clap enſued, and a general cry of 'The ſtory! the 'ſtory!' He then proceeded thus: 'You muſt 'know, Ladies and Gentlemen, that there 'lived in this city an honeſt old trencher-ma-'ker, who had ſaved a very conſiderable for-'tune; and having two ſons, called Kill-em-'all, and Kiſs-my-arſe, he left all his landed 'eſtate to his eldeſt ſon Kill-em-all, and all his 'buſineſs and ſtock in trade, to his youngeſt 'ſon Kiſs-my-arſe. Now it happened, Ladies 'and Gentlemen, that Kill-em-all, in a few 'years, prodigally ſpent his patrimony; and 'what does he do, but ſets up his buſineſs of 'trencher-making, directly under the noſe of 'his brother Kiſs-my-arſe? 'Tis an old ſaying, 'that "*two of a trade can never agree:*" 'and I am ſure 'tis a true one; for, no ſooner 'was the oppoſition begun, but the two bro-'thers began to hate the ſight of each other; 'ſo that, if they both chanced to be at the 'play on the ſame night, you would ſee Kill-'em-all in the pit, and Kiſs-my-arſe in the gallery;

'gallery; or elſe Kill-em-all in the gallery, 'and Kiſs-my-arſe in the pit. Indeed, ſome-'times, you might ſee Kill-em-all in the pit 'or gallery, and Kiſs-my-arſe in the boxes. 'By-and-by they got into a paper-war; 'but, as neither of them could write them-'ſelves, they employed ſcribblers on each 'ſide to do it for them; ſo Kill-em-all choſe 'your humble Servant, and Kiſs my-arſe Mr. 'Pope, *(bowing to him)*. Soon after the com-'mencement of the paper-war, they went 'to law with each other about defamation. 'Kill-em-all choſe for counſel the Solicitor-'general, and Kiſs-my-arſe Mr. Attorney-'general:—No, I miſtake; Kill-em-all choſe 'the Attorney-general, and Kiſs-my-arſe Mr. 'Sollicitor, *(bowing occaſionally to both)*. At 'laſt, by the interpoſition of friends, they 'agreed to ſubmit it to an arbitration; and 'then it was finally ſettled, that, to obviate all 'ſubſequent diſputes, Kill-em-all's trenchers 'ſhould, for the future, be made all ſquare, 'and thoſe of Kiſs-my-arſe all round.' This piece of humour was received with great ap-plauſe, and Cibber fairly won his wager.

AMONG

AMONG the few that can boaſt of complimentary verſes from the late Dr. Samuel Johnſon, Mrs. Piozzi ſeems to be the greateſt favourite. 'As I went,' ſays that Lady, 'into his room 'the morning of my birth-day once, and ſaid 'to him, *Nobody ſends me any Verſes now, 'becauſe I am five-and-thirty years old*; *and 'Sidlia was fed with them till forty-ſix, I re-'member*; my being juſt recovered from illneſs and confinement, will account for the 'manner in which he burſt out ſuddenly; for 'ſo he did, without the leaſt previous heſitation whatſoever, and without having entertained the ſmalleſt intention towards it half 'a minute before:'

"Oft in danger, yet alive,
"We are come to thirty-five;
"Long may better years arrive,
"Better years than thirty-five:
"Could Philoſophers contrive
"Life to ſtop at thirty-five,
"Time his hours ſhould never drive
"O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
"High to ſoar, and deep to dive,
"Nature gives at thirty-five.

" Ladies, ſtock and tend your hive,
" Trifle not at thirty-five;
" For, howe'er we boaſt and ſtrive,
" Life declines from thirty-five:
" He that ever hopes to thrive,
" Muſt begin by thirty-five;
" And all who wiſely wiſh to wive,
" Muſt look at Thrale at thirty-five."

THE following inſtance of the love of money, and meanneſs, has not perhaps its parallel in the whole circle of the Peerage. Within a fortnight after Lord Taviſtock's death, the venerable Gertrude had a rout at Bedford Houſe. The good Duke (who had only ſixty thouſand pounds a year) ordered an inventory to be taken of his Son's wearing-apparel, down to his ſlippers, ſold them all, and put the money in his pocket. The amiable Marchioneſs, ſhocked at ſuch brutal, unfeeling avarice, gave the value of the clothes to the Marquiſs's ſervant, out of her own purſe. That incomparable Woman did not long ſurvive her Huſband. When ſhe died, the Ducheſs of Bedford treated her as the Duke treated his only Son: ſhe ordered every gown and

and trinket to be ſold, and pocketed the money.

THIS inglorious Nobleman was horſe-whipped in the moſt exemplary manner on the courſe at Litchfield, by Mr. Humphrey, a country Attorney. This gave riſe to the following ſtory. When the late King heard that Sir Edward Hawke had given the French a *drubbing* (an expreſſion made uſe of by the Admiral in his letter), His Majeſty, who had never received that kind of chaſtiſement, was pleaſed to aſk Lord Cheſterfield the meaning of the word. "Sir," ſays Lord Cheſterfield, "the meaning of the word—But here comes "the Duke of Bedford, who is better able to "explain it to Your Majeſty than I am."

IN Mr. Pennant's entertaining *Tour to Scotland*, is this ſingular anecdote. 'I have 'heard here [*Linlithgow*] of a letter from 'James VI. to borrow, from the Earl of Mar, 'a pair of ſilk ſtockings, to appear in be-'fore the Engliſh Ambaſſador. Though I 'cannot authenticate theſe relations of the 'ſimplicity of the times, yet I have a curious

'letter from the ſame Monarch, to borrow a 'thouſand marks,* or 54l.† 3s. 4d. in the 'year 1589, being that of his wedding; tell-'ing the lender [*John Boiſwell, of Balmonto*], "Ye will rather hurt yourſelf veiry far, than "ſee the diſhonour of your Prince and native "country, with the poverty of baith, ſet downe "before the face of ſtrangers."

KING CHARLES II. aſked Stillingfleet, How it came about, that he always read his ſermons before him, when he was informed he always preached without book elſewhere?—He told the King, That the awe of ſo noble an audience, where he ſaw nothing that was not greatly ſuperior to him, but chiefly the ſeeing before him ſo great and wiſe a Prince, made him afraid to truſt himſelf. With which anſwer the King was very well contented. 'But pray,' ſays Stillingfleet, 'will Your Majeſty give me 'leave to aſk you a queſtion too:—Why you 'read your ſpeeches, when you can have none 'of the ſame reaſons?'—"Why truly, Doctor," ſays the King, "your queſtion is a very per-"tinent

* A Scotch Mark is thirteen pence.

† A Scotch Pound is twenty pence.

" tinent one, and ſo will be my anſwer: *I have*
" *aſked them ſo often, and for ſo much money,*
" *that I am aſhamed to look them in the face.*

THE manor of Winchendon (formerly the eſtate of the Wharton family) is ſituated in a very dirty part of the county of Buckingham, where the ſoil is a very ſtiff clay. Cibber the Laureat, who ſometimes viſited the famous Duke of Wharton at that place, was once in his coach with him, when it went very ſlowly through a deep ſlough. Colley, with his uſual vivacity and aſſurance, ſaid to his Grace, " It " is reported, my Lord Duke, that you run " out of your eſtate; but it is impoſſible for " you to run out of this."

THE following laughable adventure was related by the late Samuel Foote, Eſq. who was himſelf a witneſs to the entertaining ſcene. The late Sir Thomas Robinſon was uſually called *Long* Sir Thomas; not only from there being another perſon who bore exactly the ſame name and title, but alſo from his uncommon tallneſs, which was rendered the more conſpicuous by his being almoſt as thin as a ſke-

leton. To this was added the moſt uncouth and awkward carriage that can be conceived. In ſhort, he was not much unlike the figure which is ſo finely depicted in the laſt book of that beautiful allegory, **Porſena*; he ſeemed to want nothing but the ſcythe, to make his reſemblance perfectly ſimilar to that deſtroyer of mankind.

The circumſtances of the Baronet being in no flouriſhing ſituation at that time, he thought a journey to Paris, where he had a Siſter married to a rich Financier, would be the means of recruiting them. He accordingly ſet out for France, but in a garb equally as uncouth and *outré* as his figure. He wore a brown ſcratch wig, a ſhort riding-coat, together with a pair of jack-boots; and carried in his hand a poſtillion's long-laſhed whip. Thus accoutred, he arrived at the gate of the *Hôtel*, where his Brother-in-law reſided. The Swiſs, who opened the door, beholding ſuch an extraordinary being, ſtood aghaſt; and, when Sir Thomas would have entered, bluntly told him he could not be admitted, as his Lady had company. Though the Baronet did not underſtand the language

* Vide *Dodſley's Collection.*

language in which the prohibition was conveyed, he gueſſed the purport of it by the Man's countenance; and made ſhift to utter, in broken French, *Her frere, her frere!*

The Porter, hearing this, ran to call the Groom of the Chambers, who underſtood a little Engliſh; and Sir Thomas, having made known to him his affinity to the Lady of the houſe, his arrival, without any more obſtruction, was announced. As it happened to be dinner-time when this mirror of Knighthood arrived, his Siſter, after cordially embracing him, placed him, habited as he was, at the table, between an *Abbé* and a *Maccaroni*. He was no ſooner ſeated, than the two Gentlemen between whom he ſat, ſtruck with the oddity of his figure, dreſs, and deportment, ſtared at him with marks of the greateſt aſtoniſhment. At length the latter, unable to reſtrain his curioſity, laid down his fork,* and thus addreſſed him: "*Monſieur, ne ſeriez-vous pas, par haſard, le* "*fameux Robinſon Cruſoe, de qui on parle dans* "*l'hiſtoire?*" Pray, Sir, are you not the "famous Robinſon Cruſoe, of whom we read "in

* In France, a fork and ſpoon are commonly uſed, inſtead of a knife and fork.

" in hiſtory?" The mirth ſo ſingular and unexpected a queſtion occaſioned, is better conceived than deſcribed.

IT was upon this Knight that Lord Cheſterfield exerciſed his wit, by that famous reply to a Gentleman, who, during the Earl's illneſs, feared, that as his diſorder ſeemed of a lingering nature, he would die by *inches*.—" I am " very glad, ſays his Lordſhip, I am not ſo " tall as Sir Thomas Robinſon."

SOME years ago, a certain Nobleman, whoſe addreſs we are not at liberty to mention, arriving one evening late in Town, was reſolved to indulge himſelf, for that night, in the embraces of a tender-hearted female, whom he *picked up* in the ſtreet (for he was no ways nice in his amours), as he walked from the inn where he alighted, to his own houſe, in order to ſtretch his legs. Nothing more than common occurrences paſſed upon this occaſion. When his Lordſhip had made his Miſtreſs *nolly* drunk, *by way of refining his pleaſure*, the delicate pair went lovingly to bed together, when, awaking about midnight, he was ſurpriſed to find

find her cold and lifeleſs in his arms. After ſome fruitleſs efforts to move her, he ſtarted out of bed in a fright, and called up all his ſervants, who, perceiving that ſhe was not actually dead, took ſuch pains to recover her, that ſhe at length opened her eyes, and, ſtaring wildly around her for ſome moments, 'Where "am I? (ſaid ſhe.) Are theſe the regions of "the damned? For thither only ſuch ſelf-"murdering wretches as I am, go." Then ſeeing his Lordſhip, whoſe curioſity had brought him to the bed-ſide; "And are you dead, too!" (continued ſhe, wringing her hands, and weeping moſt paſſionately) "Oh! why did not I "confine my rage to myſelf? Why did I add "your murder to my own, to plunge my ſoul "ſtill deeper in perdition?"

This ſurpriſed all preſent. The ſervants, who were indifferent whether it was true or falſe, imagined ſhe only raved, and doubled their efforts to bring her to herſelf; ſoothing her with expreſſions of tenderneſs, and telling her ſhe was not dead, but would ſoon be very well: but his Lordſhip was too nearly concerned, to think ſo coolly of the matter.

'What

'What is that you ſay?'—ſaid he, trembling in horror,—'What is it you ſay about murder? 'There is no one murdered here.'—"How!" anſwered ſhe, fixing her eyes eagerly upon him, "Is it poſſible that I am ſtill alive?—and that "you alſo live? It cannot be! The poiſon "which I ſwallowed this night, and in which "you ſhared too largely, cannot have miſſed "of its effect. But, ſoft! its operation now "begins! that pang!—Oh!—that pang be-"ſpeaks the near approach of death!—O mer-"cy!—O cry for mercy on your ſins!"—'What poiſon—' interrupted he, terrified almoſt to diſtraction—'What poiſon have I ſhared 'in? Speak! tell me directly, or'—"Spare "your threats, my Lord," ſaid ſhe, with a compoſure in her looks and manner that perſuaded every one preſent ſhe was in her ſenſes, "ſpare your threats to a wretch, whom death "will ſoon deliver from your power; and for-"give a crime that proceeded from deſpair. "Wearied of the miſeries of this life, I this "night reſolved to put an end to it, and for "that purpoſe, though on another pretence, "procured a doſe of poiſon from a chemiſt's "apprentice, who, on giving it to me, ſaid,

"it

" it was ſufficient to kill twenty of the ſtrongeſt
" men alive: and this poiſon did I take an op-
" portunity to put into the laſt bottle of wine,
" when you went out of the room, determined
" to ſacrifice one man to my revenge, for the
" injuries I had received from the ſex; though,
" after I had done it, my heart relented: but
" you inſiſted on my drinking; and fear of your
" reſentment prevented me from making a diſ-
" covery, that would have ſaved us both from
" this unhappy ſituation."—At theſe words ſhe fell into convulſions, ſo ſtrong, that every one who ſaw her thought ſhe was really in the agonies of death. The ſituation of his Lordſhip, at this ſight, may be eaſily conceived. He inſtantly felt every pain that poiſon could produce; and, falling on the floor, roared aloud in anguiſh of mind and body, lamenting his untimely fate, and confeſſing all the ſins of his life to the ſervants, who ſtood around him. As ſoon as they had raiſed him up, and carried him into another room, a dawn of hope aroſe at his finding he did not immediately die. 'What!' exclaimed he, 'is every one combined againſt 'me? Am I to periſh for want of aſſiſtance? 'Will nobody even call me a Phyſician? Per-

'haps

'haps I might yet be ſaved, were proper means 'applied! Will nobody call me a Phyſician?' —On his ſaying this, every one was running to obey him; the ſight of which threw him into new diſtreſs. 'O wretch that I am!' exclaimed he, 'and ſo I am to be left alone! to periſh 'for want even of a drop of water! Is it not 'enough for ſome of you to go; and not all to 'deſert me in this baſe, this barbarous manner?'

This ſeemed to reſtore them to their ſenſes; and, accordingly, while ſome went to call the Doctors, the reſt ſtaid to take care of him. Where the carrion is, the crows will ſoon be gathered together. He was immediately ſurrounded by half the meagre faces of the Faculty, (for, as he had not named any one in particular, his ſervants, to ſhow their care, had ſummoned all they knew of,) who, taking the account he gave them, of his being poiſoned, for truth, proceeded inſtantly to practiſe upon him every method they had ever heard of being uſed in ſuch a caſe, in hopes that ſome of them might take effect. He was cupped, bled, and bliſtered; vomited, clyſtered, and purged, in the ſpace of two hours; the Doctors ſagaciouſly diſcovering new ſymptoms of the poiſon, every new

new remedy they tried. When they found that, beyond their expectations, he had ſtrength enough to out-live all this, they put him into bed, and covering him up warm, to take a ſweat, comforted him with hopes of his recovery, in conſequence of their ſkill and care. While they waited *patiently* for this important criſis, ſome of them happened to think of the poor Murderefs, who had been neglected all this time, and now lay in a ſwoon, the convulſions having gone off, as her ſtrength failed. On hearing her name mentioned, his Lordſhip, to ſhow his Chriſtian charity, and prove the ſincerity of the repentance and amendment which he vowed in caſe his life ſhould be mercifully ſpared, deſired that they would do ſomething for the unhappy creature, if ſhe was ſtill alive: this was ſufficient to attach their compaſſion and care. They anſwered with one voice, that it was pity to let her periſh, without even attempting to ſave her; and praiſing his Lordſhip's goodneſs, prepared to try ſome experiments upon her alſo, if only to do ſomething for their fee.

Their practice upon this new ſubject, however, was cut ſhort by a ſucceſs more ſpeedy

than

than they desired; their first operation, of bleeding, bringing her directly to herself. As soon as she perceived what had been done, and recovered strength to speak, "Good God!" said she, "What is the meaning of this? Who "can have been so inhuman as to bleed me, "when it is known to be ruin in my disorder?"

'In your disorder!' said one of the Doctors, with a contemptuous frown, 'What disorder? 'Have you not poisoned yourself, and, what 'is still worse, his Lordship also? who now 'lies in the same desperate condition with you, 'and has, from his unmerited goodness, directed 'us to take this care of you; though, if we can 'save you from this death, it must be to suffer 'one more ignominious.' "I poison myself!" interrupted she, raising herself up in the bed, "I poison his Lordship! What can you mean "by this? I understand you not; and am in-"nocent, even in thought, of any such crimes. "Explain yourself, therefore; and do not sport "with the misery of a wretched creature, who "has more real distresses than she is able to "bear, without the addition of imaginary "guilt."—

This

This amazed them all. They ſtood looking at each other for ſome moments, wrapped in reflexion, not the moſt pleaſing, on the conſequences which might attend their precipitation in treating his Lordſhip in the manner they had done, in caſe what ſhe ſaid ſhould prove true. At length, on her repeating her intreaties, one of them condeſcended to inform her of every thing that had paſſed, dwelling particularly on the deſperate condition his Lordſhip had been in, and the various methods they had uſed to relieve him.

Weak and diſpirited as we muſt ſuppoſe her to have been, ſhe was ſcarce able to refrain from laughter at this account. "A deſperate con-"dition he muſt be in now, indeed," ſaid ſhe, "whatever he was in before! but, if you will "give me leave to ſlip on my gown, and go to "him, I'll ſoon complete his cure." This was a ſtep ſo contrary to all rules of practice, that they could not permit it. On the contrary, one of them obſerving the impropriety of liſtening to the ravings of a perſon whoſe head muſt certainly be diſtracted by the effects of the poiſon, they all took the hint, and were actually going to hold her down by force, in order to proceed

in

in their experiments upon her, which would not have been the more merciful, for what ſhe had juſt ſaid.

But ſhe was delivered from this diſcipline, by the appearance of his Lordſhip, who, on one of his ſervants carrying him the pleaſing news of what ſhe ſaid, had found ſtrength enough to run to her, and throwing himſelf on the bed, 'O my deareſt girl!' exclaimed he, claſping his arms around her neck, 'Am I not then a 'dead man? Tell me! Tell me the truth di-'rectly! Am I not a dead man?'

His haggard looks, and bandages and flannels, in which he was wrapped all over, convinced her of the truth of what the Doctors had told her he had ſuffered. Shocked at the thought, ſhe held up her hands in a ſupplicating poſture, and imploring his pardon for what ſhe had been the involuntary cauſe of, informed him that ſhe was ſubject to fits, which attacked her with double violence whenever ſhe drank to any exceſs, as his Lordſhip had compelled her to do that night, much, he muſt be ſenſible, againſt her inclination, had ſhe dared to refuſe him; and that when ſhe was in thoſe fits, which laſted till the effects of the liquor went off,

off, ſhe was apt to rave, and ſpeak every extravagance and inconſiſtency that could come into a diſordered head. The manner in which ſhe ſpoke left not the leaſt room for doubt; all his fears were inſtantly removed, his joy at which obliterated the remembrance of every thing he had ſuffered in mind and body; and he not only forgave her, but alſo made her a handſome preſent, in recompenſe for her happy news.

But his Doctors met with a very different treatment. He reviled them in the ſevereſt terms, for their ignorance and preſumption, in putting him to ſuch torture, and tearing his conſtitution by ſuch violent means, before they were certain of his ailment; and without permitting them to alledge, in their vindication, his aſſertions of what he felt, and intreaties not to leave any thing unattempted that they thought might poſſibly relieve him, ordered them to be turned out of doors, without giving them a farthing for all their trouble.

WHEN an Huſbandman claimed kinſhip with Robert Groſthead, Biſhop of Lincoln, and thereupon requeſted from him an office—"Couſin," ſaid the Biſhop, "if your cart be

" broken, I'll mend it; if your plough be old, " I'll give you a new one, and even ſeed to ſow " your land: but an Huſbandman I found " you, and an Huſbandman I'll leave you." The Biſhop thought it kinder (as it ſhould ſeem) to ſerve him in his way, than to take him out of his way: and perhaps Stephen Duck, the Threſher, had been better provided for, if, inſtead of being firſt penſioned, and afterwards ordained, he had been endowed with ten acres of land, and ſuffered to threſh on. By turning the laborious Threſher into an inactive Parſon, they brought lunacy firſt, and then ſuicide, upon a man who might otherwiſe have enjoyed himſelf with two cows and a pig, and ended his days in ſerenity and eaſe.

THE Duke of York, it is ſaid, one day told the King his brother, that he had heard ſo much of old Milton, he had a great deſire to ſee him. Charles told the Duke, that he had no objection to his ſatisfying his curioſity; and accordingly ſhortly after, James, having informed himſelf where Milton lived, went privately to his houſe. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his gueſt,

gueſt, they converſed together for ſome time; but, in the courſe of their converſation, the Duke aſked Milton, Whether he did not think the loſs of his ſight was a judgement upon him for what he had written againſt the late King his father? Milton's reply was to this effect: 'If your Highneſs thinks that the calamities 'which befall us here, are indications of the 'wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to 'account for the fate of the King your Father? 'The diſpleaſure of Heaven muſt, upon this 'ſuppoſition, have been much greater againſt 'him than againſt me; for I have only loſt my 'eyes, but he loſt his *head*.' The Duke was exceedingly nettled at this anſwer, and went away ſoon after very angry. When he came back to the court, the firſt thing he ſaid to the King, was, "Brother, you are greatly to blame "that you don't have that old rogue Milton "hanged."—'Why, what's the matter, James?' ſaid the King: 'you ſeem in a heat! What, 'have you ſeen Milton?'—"Yes," anſwered the Duke, "I have ſeen him."—'Well,' ſaid the King, 'in what condition did you find him?' —"Condition!" replied the Duke, "why he's "old, and very poor."—'Old and poor!' ſaid

the King; 'well, and he is blind, is he not?'— "Yes," ſaid the Duke, "blind as a beetle."— 'Why then you are a fool, James,' replied the King, 'to want to have him hanged as a puniſhment: to hang him will be doing him a 'ſervice; it will be taking him out of his miſeries. No, if he is old, poor, and blind, he 'is miſerable enough in all conſcience: let him 'live.'

THE late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a ſtrong deſire of being thought ſkilful in phyſic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Cheſterfield, who knew his foible, and on a particular occaſion wiſhed to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having converſed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and deſired his Lordſhip to feel his pulſe. It was found to beat high, and a hint of loſing blood was given. "I have no objec-"tion; and, as I hear your Lordſhip has a "maſterly hand, will you favour me with try-"ing your lancet upon me?"—"A-propos," ſaid Lord Cheſterfield, after the operation; "do "you go to the Houſe to-day?" Lord R——, anſwered,

anſwered, 'I did not intend to go, not being 'ſufficiently informed of the queſtion which is 'to be debated; but you who have conſidered 'it, which ſide will you be of?'—The Earl, having gained his confidence, eaſily directed his judgement: he carried him to the Houſe, and got him to vote as he pleaſed. He uſed afterwards to ſay, That none of his friends had done ſo much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

Doctor Hough, ſome time ſince Biſhop of Worceſter, who was as remarkable for the evenneſs of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a good deal of company at his houſe, a Gentleman preſent deſired his Lordſhip to ſhow him a curious weather-glaſs which the Biſhop had lately purchaſed, and which coſt him above thirty guineas. The ſervant was accordingly deſired to bring it, who, in delivering it to the Gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged by the accident. 'Be under 'no concern, my dear Sir,' ſays the Biſhop, ſmiling, 'I think it is rather a lucky omen: 'we have hitherto had a dry ſeaſon; and I hope

'we ſhall have ſome rain, for I proteſt I do not 'remember ever to have ſeen the glaſs ſo *low*.'

DR. JOHN WILKINS, a man of uncommon parts and abilities in the reign of Charles II. has been laughed at, together with his chimeras: but even theſe ſhow themſelves to be the chimeras of a man of genius. Such was his attempt to ſhow the poſſibility of a voyage to the moon. In a converſation with the Ducheſs of Newcaſtle, her Grace aſked him, "Doctor, 'where am I to find a place for baiting at, in 'the way up to that planet?"—'Madam,' ſaid he, 'of all the people in the world, I never ex-'pected that queſtion from you, who have built 'ſo many caſtles in the *air*, that you may live 'every night at one of your own.'

OF the many curious particulars handed down to us by different writers, of the Czar Peter the Great, the following anecdote is but little known. Amongſt the various females that attracted his Majeſty's notice, was a beautiful young Lady, the daughter of a foreign Merchant, in the city of Moſcow. He firſt ſaw her in her father's houſe, where he dined

dined one day: he was ſo much taken with her appearance, that he offered her any terms ſhe pleaſed, if ſhe would live with him; which this virtuous young woman modeſtly refuſed; but dreading the effects of his authority, ſhe put on a reſolution, and left Moſcow in the night without communicating her deſign even to her parents. Having provided a little money for her ſupport, ſhe travelled on foot ſeveral miles into the country, till ſhe arrived at a ſmall village, where her nurſe lived with her huſband and their daughter, the young Lady's foſter-ſiſter, to whom ſhe diſcovered her intention of concealing herſelf in the wood near that village: and to prevent any diſcovery, ſhe ſet out the ſame night, accompanied by the huſband and daughter. The huſband, being a timber-man by trade, and well acquainted with the wood, conducted her to a little dry ſpot in the middle of a moraſs; and there he built an hut for her habitation. She had depoſited her money with her nurſe, to procure little neceſſaries for her ſupport, which were faithfully conveyed to her at night, by the nurſe or her daughter, by one of whom ſhe was conſtantly attended in the night-time.

The next day after her flight, the Czar called at her father's to ſee her, and finding the parents in anxious concern for their daughter, and himſelf diſappointed, fancied it a plan of their own concerting. He became angry; and began to threaten them with the effects of his diſpleaſure, if ſhe was not produced: nothing was left to the parents but the moſt ſolemn proteſtations, with tears of real ſorrow running down their cheeks, to convince him of their innocence and ignorance what was become of her, aſſuring him of their fears that ſome fatal diſaſter muſt have befallen her, as nothing belonging to her was miſſing, except what ſhe had on at the time. The Czar, ſatisfied of their ſincerity, ordered great ſearch to be made for her, with the offer of a conſiderable reward to the perſon who ſhould diſcover what was become of her; but to no purpoſe: the parents and relations, apprehending ſhe was no more, went into mourning for her.

Above a year after this ſhe was diſcovered by an accident. A Colonel who had come from the army to ſee his friends, going a hunting into that wood, and following his game through the

the moraſs, he came to the hut, and looking into it, ſaw a pretty young woman in a mean dreſs. After inquiring of her who ſhe was, and how ſhe came to live in ſo ſolitary a place, he found out at laſt that ſhe was the Lady whoſe diſappearance had made ſo great a noiſe: in the utmoſt confuſion, and with the moſt fervent intreaties, ſhe prayed him on her knees that he would not betray her; to which he replied, That he thought her danger was now paſt, as the Czar was then otherwiſe engaged, and that ſhe might with ſafety diſcover herſelf, at leaſt to her parents, with whom he would conſult how matters ſhould be managed. The Lady agreed to his propoſal, and he ſet out immediately, and overjoyed her parents with the happy diſcovery: the iſſue of their deliberations was to conſult Madam Catharine (as ſhe was then called) in what manner the affair ſhould be opened to the Czar. The Colonel went alſo upon this buſineſs, and was adviſed by Madam to come next morning, and ſhe would introduce him to his Majeſty, when he might make the diſcovery, and claim the promiſed reward. He went according to appointment, and being introduced, told the accident by which

which he had diſcovered the Lady, and repreſented the miſerable ſituation in which he found her, and what ſhe muſt have ſuffered by being ſo long ſhut up in ſuch a diſmal place, from the delicacy of her ſex. The Czar ſhewed a great deal of concern that he ſhould have been the cauſe of all her ſufferings, declaring that he would endeavour to make her amends. Here Madam Catharine ſuggeſted, that ſhe thought the beſt amends his Majeſty could make was, to give her a handſome fortune and the Colonel for a huſband, who had the beſt right, having caught her in purſuit of his game. The Czar, agreeing perfectly with Madam Catharine's ſentiments, ordered one of his favourites to go with the Colonel, and bring the young Lady home; where ſhe arrived, to the inexpreſſible joy of her family and relations, who had all been in mourning for her. The marriage was under the direction, and at the expence of the Czar, who himſelf gave the bride to the bridegroom; ſaying, That he preſented him with one of the moſt virtuous of women; and accompanied his declaration with very valuable preſents, beſides ſettling on her and her heirs three thouſand rubles a year. This Lady lived highly

highly eſteemed by the Czar, and every one who knew her.

IN a certain Principality, where the Labourers in the Spiritual Vineyard are often obliged to fiddle, as well as to pray, for the neceſſary ſupport of themſelves and families, about half a century ago lived an honeſt and ingenious man of the ſacred profeſſion; who, having a great deal of duty to perform, for which, however, he received a very inadequate recompenſe, was often neceſſitated to cut as ſhort as poſſible, leaving his hearers to meditate on what he meant to advance in confirmation of his poſitions. One Sunday, in particular, being engaged in the afternoon to play ſeveral airs on the Welch harp, on which inſtrument, as well as the violin, he was a very excellent performer, he delivered the following incomparable ſermon to his different pariſhioners; which for brevity, method, point, and moral, we recommend to the attentive peruſal of every ſincere Chriſtian throughout his Majeſty's dominions.

Job, chap. i, ver. 21.

Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked ſhall I return thither.

In

In diſcourſing from theſe words, I ſhall obſerve the three following things:

Firſt,

Man's ingreſs into the world;

Secondly,

His progreſs through the world;

And, thirdly,

His egreſs out of the world.

To return,—

Firſt,

Man's ingreſs into the world, is naked and bare;

Secondly,

His progreſs through the world, is trouble and care;

And, thirdly,

His egreſs out of the world, is nobody knows where.

To conclude,—

If we do well here, we ſhall be well there;

And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year.

THE curioſity of our Readers will probably receive ſome gratification from the following characteriſtical anecdote of two Jew Brokers, and the Steward of the late Lord W——.

'The

'The Iſraelites have put prayers weekly in the Synagogue for the valuable life of Lord W——; and call upon me, [*ſays the Steward*] one or other of them daily, to inquire if the Lord had been pleaſed to regard their prayers. Moſes and Aaron I— came on Friday to receive the laſt quarter's annuity:—I was at dinner upon a leg of pork and peaſe pudding——

'Will you partake, Gentlemen?'

"No, we tank you; it iſh unclean meat, "forbidden by our great Prophet."

'Are you afflicted with leproſies ſtill, in this 'cold climate?'

"Holy Aaron! dat was not cauſe—Chriſ- "tians did invent dat. It was de precept of "God."

'I am ſorry for you. The ſin muſt have 'been very grievous, to draw ſo long a chaſ- 'tiſement upon you. This is puniſhing the 'ſins of the father upon the children indeed. 'Taſte—it is the beſt of meat. The Lord 'cannot mean to deprive you of it for ever.'

"It iſh unclean; and iſh killed by Chriſtian "butcher."

'The

'The curſe I ſee is heavy upon your Nation.
'Your precepts are the puerilities of children.
'I am ſorry to add to your affliction, Lord
'W....—But fleſh is graſs: to-day it grow-
'eth in the field; to-morrow it withereth
'away.'

"God of Iſrael! Broder Moſes!

'When Jephtha, Judge of Iſrael, ſacrificed his Daughter, two of the I— family muſt have been chief mourners. The painting in the *ſalon* exhibits the very doleful features of the Moſes and Aaron before me.'

'Come, Gentlemen, the Lord hath not for-
'bidden wine alſo. Drink—it is the ſweet
'ſolace of cares.'

"No; it is the eve of our Sabbath. When
"did Lord W—— die"?

'If you had regarded the voice of inſpira-
'tion, this calamity had not come upon you.
'Your Holy David, I think, adviſed you not
'to put your truſt in Princes. But I hope
'you will not be much hurt; you have already
'enjoyed the annuity ſeven years and three
'quarters. The principal is come ſafe home,
'and part of the intereſt.'

"No;

" No, no; you miſtake muſh, maſhter; you " not know how we reckon. Six touſand " pound, eight years at compound intereſt, " iſh great ſum."

' Eight years compound intereſt of the an- ' nuities amounts to great ſum alſo.'

" Dat iſh not our way: never reckon in- " tereſt upon monies received. Dat iſh not " our way! When did Lord W—— die?"

' Why, I have ſome ſmall comfort to give ' you: Lord W—— did not depart this life ' before the expiration of your laſt quarter. ' Come, drink a bottle of wine with me, and ' I will fetch you the money.'

" Dat iſh ſome good, Broder Aaron; it " wants two hours to fix; and beſides, abſti- " nence on the eve of our Sabbath iſh cere- " mony, not precept. Let us accept Maſh- " ter's offer."

' Firſt beginnings, whether of ſin or ſcience, are the moſt difficult.

' The Gentlemen gave me no more trouble of perſuaſion. It was novelty to me to look into the heads of Jews. The wine ſuffered much: two bottles more, and a hundred pounds a piece, would have made them Chriſtians.'

IT

IT is related of Dr. King, Archbiſhop of Dublin, that when Boulter was raiſed over his head to the Primacy of Ireland, under the pretext that *he* was too old, he was ſo piqued, that he neglected to pay the uſual complimentary viſit. But, as he was ſo reſpectable a perſonage, the Primate, diſpenſing with *étiquette*, went to ſee him. King received him with great courteſy, except not getting up to meet his Grace, for which he humorouſly excuſed himſelf, by ſaying he was grown *too old to riſe*.

WHEN a certain popular Preacher with his Spiritual Sancho was travelling on his miſſion through the country, they were one evening nearly benighted on the Birmingham road, near Hales-Owen. As they walked on, they ſaw an object, amidſt the woods, on the edge of the hill, which, upon inquiry, they were told was called *Shenſtone's Folly*. This is a name, which, with ſome ſort of propriety, the common people give to any work of taſte, the utility of which exceeds the level of their comprehenſion.

As they aſcended the hill, through a ſhady lane, they obſerved a Gentleman, in his own hair,

hair, giving directions to ſome labourers who were working beyond the uſual hour, in order to finiſh a receptacle for a cataract of water; a glimpſe of which appeared through the trees on the ſide of the road. As Mr. W——d and his Friend, partly out of curioſity, and partly to take breath, made a little pauſe, the Gentleman turned his face towards them, when Mr. W——d immediately diſcovered him to be no other than his old acquaintance, the celebrated Mr. Shenſtone, whoſe place began to be frequented by people of diſtinction from all parts of England, on account of its natural beauties, which, by the mere force of genius and good taſte, Mr. Shenſtone had improved, and exhibited to ſo much advantage: and this had diſcovered to the world his own fine poetical talents and polite learning, which, from his modeſty, would otherwiſe probably have been buried in ſolitude and obſcurity.

Mr. Shenſtone ſoon recollected his old Academical Friend and Aſſociate; and, with warmth of benevolence for which he was ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed amongſt thoſe that knew him, inſiſted upon his ſtaying, that night at leaſt, with him at the Leaſowes;

which invitation Mr. W——d was ſufficiently inclined to accept.

As they paſſed towards the houſe, Mr. Shenſtone pointed out to his Friend many of the beauties of his place. He ſhowed him his caſcades, which were ſo deſervedly admired, and the reſervoirs they ſupplied; the proſpects of the country from various points of view; his grove, dedicated to Virgil; his urns, ſtatues, and his admirable inſcriptions. He mentioned ſeveral people of the firſt quality, and, what Mr. Shenſtone valued more, of the firſt taſte, who had done him the honour to viſit his place: and particularly he informed him, "that he "expected Lord D—tm—h, and ſome other "company, the very next day; on which ac-"count he had been inſpecting his reſervoirs, "got his walks cleaned out, and made the men "work ſo late in order to finiſh the cataract, "where his friend had firſt ſeen him."

As Mr. W—— knew the elegance of Mr. Shenſtone's taſte, he could not but add his ſuffrage to thoſe of the reſt of the world, in admiring his place; and obſerved, 'that, doubt-'leſs, the pleaſures we receive from gardens, 'woods and lawns, and other rural embelliſh-'ments,

'ments, were the moſt innocent of any *amuſe-*
'*ments*; but then we ſhould conſider them as
'*amuſements* only, and not let them engroſs
'too much of our attention; that we ought to
'ſpiritualiſe our ideas as much as poſſible; and
'that it was worth while to inquire, how far
'too violent a fondneſs for theſe merely inani-
'mate beauties might interfere with our love
'of God, and attach us too ſtrongly to the
'things of this world.'

This gave Mr. Shenſtone an opportunity, in his turn, of combating his friend's enthuſiaſtic notions; who (he found by his own account) had deſerted the ſtation in which his own choice, and his Mother's approbation, had fixed him, to ſally forth and preach the Goſpel, without any other call to that office than what a warm imagination had ſuggeſted, and which a romantic view, of converting ſinners at large, had prompted him to undertake.

The two friends, however, ſupped together very amicably; and, after drinking a cool tankard, and ſpending a pretty late evening in talking over the incidents of their youth, which they had ſpent together in the Univerſity, Mr. Shenſtone ſhowed his friend into an elegant

bed-chamber, fitted up in a Gothic taſte, and wiſhed him a good night.

As ſoon as Mr. Shenſtone roſe in the morning, he went up to his friend's apartment, to ſummon him to breakfaſt; when, to his ſurpriſe, he found both him and his companion departed, without taking leave of him; and upon Mr. W——'s table was left the following letter:

"*My good Friend,*

"I am called hence by the Spirit: in the "viſions of the night it was revealed unto me, "I muſt own, that, like the good Publius, you "have received and lodged us courteouſly; and "my bowels yearn for your ſalvation. But, "my dear friend, I am afraid you have ſet up "idols in your heart; you ſeem to pay a "greater regard to Pan and Sylvanus, than to "Paul or Silas. You have forſaken the foun-"tains of the living Lord; and hewn you out "ciſterns, broken ciſterns, that will hold no "water. But my conſcience beareth teſtimony "againſt this idolatry. Bel boweth down; "Nebo ſtoopeth. I have delivered my own "ſoul, and will pray for your converſion.

"I am

"Your Brother in the Lord,

"G. W."

This extraordinary letter, and his friend's abrupt departure, greatly alarmed Mr. Shenſtone; but, going out to view his principal caſcade, he ſoon diſcovered the myſtery; that his friend, imagining he was too much affected with the applauſes that were beſtowed on his good taſte in laying out his place, had forced open his ſluices, and emptied his reſervoirs, ſo that, in a literal ſenſe, his *ciſterns could hold no water*, nor his caſcades make any great figure that day; and, what was more diſtreſsful, he had thrown down a leaden ſtatue of the Piping Fawn from its pedeſtal, which was a damage that could not eaſily be repaired before the arrival of his illuſtrious gueſts.

Mr. Shenſtone was a little provoked at the firſt diſcovery of this incident; but, upon reflexion, could not forbear laughing at his old friend's frantic proceedings; and thought the ſingularity of the adventure would afford his gueſts as much entertainment, as a greater flaſh from his caſcades, or as viewing his place in more exact order.

IN 1759, Dr. Hill wrote a Pamphlet, intitled, "To David Garrick, Eſq; the Petition

" of *I*, in behalf of herſelf and her Siſters." The purport of it was, to charge Mr. Garrick with miſpronouncing ſome words including the letter *I*, as *furm* for firm, *vurtue* for virtue, and others. The Pamphlet is now forgotten; but the following Epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote on the occaſion, deſerves to be preſerved, as one of the beſt in the Engliſh language.

To Dr. Hill, *upon his Petition of the Letter* I *to* David Garrick, *Eſq*;

' If 'tis true, as you ſay, that I've injur'd a letter,
' I'll change my note ſoon, and, I hope, for the better;
' May the juſt right of letters, as well as of men,
' Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen!
' Moſt devoutly I wiſh that they both have their due,
' And that *I* may be never miſtaken for *U*.

WHILE the late Lord Chancellor Northington continued at the Bar, he went the Weſtern Circuit; and being of lively parts, and a warm temper, he was, like ſome other Lawyers, too apt to take indecent liberties in examining Witneſſes. An extraordinary inſtance of this kind happened at Briſtol. In a cauſe of ſome conſequence, Mr. Reeve, a conſiderable Merchant,

chant, and one of the people called Quakers, was croſs-examined by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr. Reeve complained of it at the time; and when the Court had adjourned, and the Lawyers were all together at the White-Lion, Mr. Reeve ſent one of the waiters to let Mr. Henley know, that a Gentleman wanted to ſpeak to him in a room adjoining. As ſoon as Mr. Henley had entered the room, Mr. Reeve locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. 'Friend Henley,' ſaid he, 'I 'cannot call thee; for thou haſt uſed me moſt 'ſcurrilouſly. Thou mighteſt think, perhaps, 'that a Quaker might be inſulted with impu-'nity; but I am a man of ſpirit, and am come 'to demand, and will have ſatisfaction. Here 'are two ſwords—here are two piſtols: chooſe 'thy weapons, or fight me at fiſt-cuffs if thou 'hadſt rather; for fight me thou ſhalt before 'thou leaveſt the room, or beg my pardon.' Mr. Henley pleaded in excuſe, "That it was "nothing more than the uſual language of the "Bar; that what was ſaid in Court ſhould not "be queſtioned out of Court: Lawyers ſome-"times advanced things to ſerve their Client, "perhaps beyond the truth; but ſuch ſpeeches

" died in ſpeaking: he was ſo far from intend-
" ing any inſult or injury, that he really had
" forgotten what he had ſaid, and hoped the
" other would not remember it: upon his
" word and honour he never meant to give him
" the leaſt offence; but if, undeſignedly, he
" had offended him, he was ſorry for it, and
" was ready to beg his pardon, which was a
" Gentleman's ſatisfaction." — 'Well,' ſaid Mr. Reeve, 'as the affront was public, the 'reparation muſt be ſo too. If thou wilt not 'fight, but beg my pardon, thou muſt beg my 'pardon before the company in the next room.' Mr. Henley, after ſome difficulty and ſome delay, ſubmitted to the condition; and thus this fray ended. No farther notice was taken on either ſide, till, after ſome years, the Lord Chancellor wrote a letter to Mr. Reeve, informing him that ſuch a ſhip was coming into the port of Briſtol, with a couple of pipes of Madeira on board, conſigned to him. He therefore begged Mr. Reeve to pay the freight and duty, and to cauſe the caſks to be put into a waggon, and ſent to the Grange; and he would take the firſt opportunity of defraying all charges, and ſhould think himſelf infinitely

obliged

obliged to him. All this was done as desired; and the winter following, when Mr. Reeve was in town, he dined at the Chancellor's, with several of the Nobility and Gentry. After dinner the Chancellor related the whole story of his first acquaintance with his friend Reeve, and of every particular that had passed between them, with great good-humour and pleasantry, and to the no small diversion of the company.

WHO could imagine that Locke was fond of romances; that Newton once studied astrology; that Dr. Clarke valued himself for his agility, and frequently amused himself in a private room of his house in leaping over the tables and chairs; and that Pope himself was a great epicure? When this last Gentleman spent a summer with a certain Nobleman, he was accustomed to lie whole days in bed on account of his head-achs, but would at any time rise with alacrity, when his servant informed him there were stewed lampreys for dinner. On an evening of an important battle, the Duke of Marlborough was heard chiding his servant for being so extravagant as to light four candles in his tent, when Prince Eugene came to confer with him.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth was a coquette, and Bacon received a bribe. Dr. Buſby had a violent paſſion for the ſtage: it was excited in him by the applauſes he received in acting the Royal Slave before the King, at Chriſtchurch; and he declared, that if the rebellion had not broke out, he had certainly engaged himſelf as an actor. Luther was ſo immoderately paſſionate, that he ſometimes boxed Melancthon's ears, and Melancthon himſelf was a believer in judicial aſtrology, and an interpreter of dreams. Richlieu and Mazarin were ſo ſuperſtitious as to employ and penſion Morin, a pretender to aſtrology, who caſt the nativities of theſe two able politicians. Nor was Tacitus himſelf, who generally appears ſuperior to ſuperſtition, untainted with this folly, as may appear from the twenty-ſecond chapter of the ſixth book of his Annals. Men of great genius have been ſomewhere compared to the pillar of fire that conducted the Iſraelites, which frequently turned a cloudy ſide towards the ſpectator.

IT is well known, that Mr. Naſh, the vain though uſeful ſuperintendant of public pleaſures, firſt introduced order and elegance in places of enter-

entertainment; and, on account of the authority he was indulged to aſſume, was ſtyled *King of Bath*. In conſideration of his ſervices, the Corporation reſolved to give him a public and durable mark of their gratitude and regard. A full-length picture of the *Monarch* was, at their expence, placed in the Pump-room, between the buſts of Newton and Pope. The want of judgement that directed, and the vanity that accepted ſuch a monument, were ſeverely laſhed in the following lines, written by the late Lord Cheſterfield:

'Immortal Newton never ſpoke
'More truth than here you'll find;
'Nor Pope himſelf e'er penn'd a joke
'Severer on Mankind.

'This Picture, plac'd the Buſts between,
'Gives Satyre all its ſtrength;
'*Wiſdom* and *Wit* are little ſeen,
'While *Folly* glares at *length*.'

IT is no ſecret, that the marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated Comedian, with the Counſellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and ſquabbles, which, according

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to public report, chiefly aroſe from the ſhrewiſh diſpoſition of the Lady. In a few months they parted by mutual conſent, to the great ſatiſfaction of the hen-pecked Counſellor; who, upon his return ſoon after to his Chambers in Lincoln's-inn, from the weſtern circuit, finding his waſherwoman had pawned ſome of his linen in his abſence, diſpatched his footman to engage another perſon in that capacity whoſe honeſty might be depended upon. A laundreſs was ſoon found; and, on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while his man was counting out the dirty clothes to her, he made ſome inquiries, which occaſioned the good woman to give him an account of the many reſpectable people ſhe waſhed for; and, after mentioning the ſatisfaction ſhe had given to ſeveral Serjeants, Benchers, and other limbs of the law, 'Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I alſo waſh for a nameſake of your 'honour's.'—"A nameſake of mine!" ſays the Counſellor.—'Yes, and pleaſe you,' ſays ſhe, 'and a mighty good ſort of a woman too, 'thof ſhe be one of the player folks.'—"Oh! "what you waſh for Mrs. Clive, the actreſs, "do you?"—'Yes, indeed, Sir, and ſhe is one 'of my beſt cuſtomers too.'—"Is ſhe ſo!" replied

replied the Counſellor: "Stop, John! toſs "the clothes back into the cloſet again. Here, "good Woman, I am ſorry you had this "trouble; here is half-a-crown for you; but "you can never waſh for me, for I will be "d——d if ever I ſuffer my ſhirt to be rubbed "againſt her ſhift any more, as long as I "live."

DURING the late war, a Commander of one of His Majeſty's ſhips of war, being ſtationed at Boſton in North America, had orders to cruize from time to time, in order to protect our trade, and diſtreſs the enemy. It happened unluckily that he returned from one of his cruiſes on a Sunday; and, as he had left his Lady at Boſton, the moment ſhe had heard of the ſhip's arrival, ſhe haſted down to the water's ſide, in order to receive him. The Captain, on landing, embraced her with tenderneſs and affection. This, as there were many ſpectators by, gave great offence, and was conſidered as an act of indecency, and a flagrant profanation of the Sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was ſummoned before the magiſtrates, who, with many ſevere rebukes and pious exhortations,

tions, ordered him to be publickly whipped. The Captain ſtifled his indignation and reſentment as much as poſſible; and, as the puniſhment, from the frequency of it, was not attended with any degree of ignominy or diſgrace, he mixed with the beſt company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends. At length, the time of the ſtation expired, and he was recalled: he went, therefore, with ſeeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends; and, that they might ſpend one happy day together before their final ſeparation, he invited the principal Magiſtrates and ſelect men to dine with him on board his ſhip, upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he gave them. At length the fatal moment arrived that was to ſeparate them: the anchor was a-peak, the ſails were unfurled, and nothing was wanting but the ſignal, to get under way. The Captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy Friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the Boatſwain and crew were in readineſs to receive them. He there thanked them afreſh

for

for the civilities they had ſhown him, of which, he ſaid, he ſhould retain an eternal remembrance, and to which, he wiſhed it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjuſted between them, which, as it was in his power, ſo he meant moſt juſtly to recompenſe them. He then reminded them of what had paſſed, and, ordering the crew to pinion them, had them brought one by one to the gang-way, where the Boatſwain ſtripped off their ſhirts, and, with a cat-o'-nine tails, laid on the back of each forty ſtripes, ſave one. They were then, amidſt the ſhouts and acclamations of the crew, ſhoved into their boats; and the Captain, immediately getting under way, ſailed for England.

MR. QUIN, the actor, being once aſked if he had ever been in Scotland, and how he liked the people; 'If you mean,' replied he, 'the 'lower order of them, I ſhall be at a loſs to 'anſwer you; for I had no farther acquaintance 'with them than by the ſmell. As for the 'Nobility, they are numerous, and, for the 'moſt part, proud and beggarly. I remem-

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'ber, when I croſſed from the north of Ireland 'into their d—d country, I came to a little, 'wretched village, conſiſting of a dozen huts, 'in the ſtyle of the Hottentots, the principal 'of which was an inn, and kept by an Earl. 'I was mounted on a ſhrivelled quadruped, for 'there was no certainty in calling it horſe, 'mare, or gelding, much like a North-Wales 'goat, but larger and without horns. The 'whole village was up in an inſtant to ſalute 'me, ſuppoſing, from the elegance of my ap-'pearance, that I muſt be ſome perſon of a 'large fortune and great family. The Earl 'ran, and took hold of my ſtirrup while I diſ-'mounted; then turning to his eldeſt ſon, who 'ſtood by us without breeches, ſaid, "My "Lord, do you take the Gentleman's horſe to "the ſtable, and deſire your ſiſter, Lady Betty, "to draw him a pint of two-penny; for I ſup-"poſe ſo great a mon will ha' the beſt liquor in "the whol hous."—'I was obliged,' continued Quin, 'to ſtay here the whole night, and to 'make a ſupper of rotten potatoes and ſtinking 'eggs. The old Nobleman was indeed very 'complaiſant, and made me accept of his own 'bed. I cannot ſay that the dormitory was

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'the beſt in the world; for there was nothing 'but an old box to ſit upon in the room, and 'there were neither ſheets nor curtains to the 'bed. Lady Betty was kind enough to apo-'logiſe for the apartment, aſſuring me, "Many "perſons of great degnaty had frequently ſlept "in it; and that tho' the blonkets luked ſae "block, it was not quite four years ſin they "had been waſhed by the Counteſs her mother, "and Lady Matilda Carolina Amelia Eleo-"nora Sophia, one of her younger ſiſters:" 'ſhe then wiſhed me a good night, and ſaid, 'that the Viſcount, her brother, would take 'particular care to greaſe my boots.'

EVERY circumſtance relative to a diſtinguiſhed character ought to be preſerved. That Shakeſpeare was of an amorous conſtitution, has been repeatedly told us; but as to his particular connexions with the fair, we are almoſt wholly in the dark. The following adventure is authentic, and, we believe, new to the world: one evening, when the tragedy of Richard III. was to be acted, the Poet obſerved a ſmart damſel trip behind the ſcenes, and ſlily whiſper to Burbidge (a favourite Player,

and an intimate of Shakeſpeare, who was to perform the part of Richard) that her maſter had gone out of town in the morning; that her miſtreſs would be glad of his company after the play, and that ſhe begged to know what ſignal he would uſe? "Three taps on the door, "my dear, and *'Tis I Richard the Third*," was the anſwer of Burbidge. The girl decamped; and Shakeſpeare, whoſe curioſity was ſufficiently excited, followed her ſteps till he ſaw her enter a houſe in the city. On inquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the manſion was a wealthy Merchant, but ſuperannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife. At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the Poet, having given the appointed ſignal, &c. obtained inſtant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the Lady when ſhe found herſelf in the arms of a ſtranger. He flattered and vowed; ſhe frowned and ſtormed: but it was not in woman to reſiſt the ſoft eloquence of a Shakeſpeare. In a word, the Bard ſupplanted the Player. He had even attained the ſummit of bliſs, before the repreſentative of Richard appeared. No ſooner had he given the appointed taps,

taps, than Shakeſpeare, putting out his head from the window, demanded his buſineſs: 'Tis I, 'tis I, Richard the Third,' replied the impatient Burbidge. "Richard!" rejoined the other: "Knave begone! Know "that William the Conqueror reigned before "Richard the Third."

SOME years ſince, Voltaire wrote a very ſevere ſatire upon the King of Pruſſia, which ſo nettled him, that he never could forgive it. Upon hearing that the Bard was at Leipſic, he told Count de ——, one of his Aide-de-camps, that he could confer a ſingular obligation on him: the Aide-de-camp, who ſaid he only lived to obey his Majeſty, was told the object was to properly requite Mr. Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that ſatire. The hint was ſufficient: the Count flew to execute his Sovereign's pleaſure: he repaired to Leipſic; and, waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and inquired if he was not the Author of that particular poem: to which the Bard very innocently replied, "Yes." 'Then, Sir,' ſaid the Count, 'it is a ſcandal to the judgement

'of the preſent age, that you have not yet been 'properly recompenſed for it. I have a com-'miſſion, Sir, to reward you liberally for this 'production; and I have too great a ſenſe of 'its value, and too much generoſity, to deprive 'you of any part of your due.' Having ſaid this, he fell to work, and caned him very ſeverely, whilſt the unfortunate Bard in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation being thus requited, the Count drew up a receipt in the following terms, which he inſiſted upon Voltaire's ſigning, on pain of further corporal puniſhment: "Received of his Pruſſian Ma-"jeſty, by the hands of the Count de ——, "one hundred baſtinadoes, very judiciouſly "applied,* for having written a ſatire upon his "ſaid Majeſty; in full of all demands. Wit-"neſs my hand,

"VOLTAIRE."

Jaqueline of Luxemburgh, Ducheſs of Bedford, had, after her firſt huſband's death, ſo far ſacrificed her ambition to love, that ſhe married Sir

* The original French is more expreſſive; but cannot be rendered in Engliſh with equal force:—*Cent coups de canne bien appliqués.*

Sir Richard Woodville, a private Gentleman, (afterwards honoured with the title of Lord Rivers) to whom ſhe bore ſeveral children, and, amongſt the reſt, Elizabeth, who was no leſs diſtinguiſhed by the beauty and elegance of her perſon, than the amiable diſpoſition of her mind. Elizabeth eſpouſed Sir John Gray, of Groby; but her huſband being ſlain in the ſecond battle of St. Alban's, fighting for the family of Lancaſter, and his eſtate being, on that account, confiſcated, the young widow retired to her father's ſeat at Graſton in Northamptonſhire, where ſhe lived ſome time in privacy and retirement. Edward IV. King of England, happening to hunt in that county, went to pay a viſit to the Ducheſs of Bedford; and Elizabeth reſolved to embrace ſuch a favourable opportunity, of obtaining ſome grace from this gallant Monarch. Accordingly ſhe came into his preſence, and, throwing herſelf at his feet, implored a maintenance for herſelf and children. The ſight of ſo much beauty in diſtreſs, made a deep impreſſion on the amorous mind of Edward. Love ſtole inſenſibly into his heart, under the guiſe of compaſſion; and her ſorrow and affliction, ſo graceful in a vir-

tuous matron, recommended her no leſs to his eſteem and veneration, than her perſonal beauty made her the object of his affection. He raiſed her from the ground, with aſſurances of favour. He found his paſſion daily ſtrengthened by the company and converſation of the lovely widow; and in a ſhort time, became the ſuppliant of the woman whom he had lately ſeen on her knees before him. But ſuch was the reſolute virtue of Elizabeth, that ſhe poſitively refuſed to gratify his paſſion in a diſhonourable manner. All the intreaties, promiſes, and endearments of the young and amiable Edward, were not ſufficient to gain her conſent. At laſt ſhe plainly told him, That, though ſhe was unworthy of being his wife, yet ſhe thought herſelf too good to be his concubine; and would therefore remain in the humble ſituation to which Providence had reduced her. This oppoſition ſerved but the more to enſlave the paſſions of the young Monarch, and heighten his eſteem for ſuch exalted ſentiments: he therefore offered to ſhare his throne, as well as heart, with the woman whoſe perſonal and mental accompliſhments rendered her ſo deſerving of both. The nuptials were accordingly ſolemnized at Grafton, A. D. 1465.

WHAT

WHAT ſort of reception the Engliſh generally meet with, when they make the tour of France, and viſit Paris, is exemplified in the following ſtory, related by Mr. Thickneſs.—"Before I leave this kingdom, and enter into that of Spain, ſays he to his correſpondent, let me trouble you with a letter on a ſubject which, though no ways intereſting to yourſelf, may be very much ſo *to a young Gentleman of your acquaintance* at Cambridge, for whoſe happineſs I, as well as you, am a little anxious. It is to appriſe you, and to warn him, when he travels, to avoid the *gins and man-traps* fixed all over this country; traps, which a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, combined even with father's and mother's wit, will not be ſufficient to preſerve him from, unleſs he is firſt ſhown the manner in which they are ſet. Theſe traps are not made to catch the legs, but to ruin the fortunes, and break the hearts, of thoſe who unfortunately ſtep into them. Their baits are artful, deſigning, wicked men, and profligate, abandoned, and proſtitute women. Paris abounds with them, as well as Lyons, and all the great towns between London and Rome; and they are principally ſet

to catch the young Engliſhman of fortune, from the age of eighteen, to five and twenty; and, what is worſe, an honeſt, ſenſible, generous young man, is always in moſt danger of ſetting his foot into them. You ſuſpect already, that theſe traps are made only of paper and ivory, and that cards and dice are the deſtructive engines I mean. Do you know, that there are a ſet of men and women, in Paris and Lyons, who live elegantly by lying in wait, and by catching every *bird of paſſage*—but particularly the Engliſh *gold-finch*? I have ſeen and heard of ſuch wicked artifices of theſe people, and the fatal conſequences to the unfortunate young men they have enſnared, that I really think I could never enjoy a ſingle hour of contentment, if I had a large fortune, while a ſon of mine was making, what is called, the Tour of Europe. The minute one of theſe young men arrives, either at Paris or Lyons, ſome *laquais de place*, who is paid for it, gives the earlieſt notice to one of the confederacy; and he is inſtantly way-laid by a French *Marquis*, or an Engliſh *Chevalier d'Induſtrie*, who, with a moſt inſinuating addreſs, makes him believe he is no ſooner arrived, than he has found a

ſincere

ſincere friend. The *Chevalier* ſhows him what is moſt worthy of notice in Paris, attends him to Verſailles and Marly, cautions him againſt being acquainted with the honeſt part of the French nation, and introduces him to the knaves only of his own, and this country; carries him to ſee French Ladies of the *firſt diſtinction*, (and ſuch who certainly *live in that ſtyle)* and makes the young man giddy with joy. But, alas! it is but a ſhort-lived one!—he is invited to ſup with the *Counteſs*; and is entertained not only voluptuouſly, but they play after ſupper, and he wins too. What can be more delightful to a young man, in a ſtrange country, than to be flattered by the French, courted by the Engliſh, entertained by *the Counteſs*, and cheered with ſucceſs?—Nay, he flatters himſelf, from the particular *attention* the *Counteſs* ſhows him, above all other men admitted to her toilette, that ſhe has even ſome *tendre* for his perſon:—juſt at this *critical moment*, a *Toyman arrives*, to ſhow *Madame la Comteſſe* a new-faſhioned trinket: ſhe likes it, but has not money enough in her pocket to pay for it.—Here is a fine opportunity to make *Madame la Comteſſe* a preſent;—

and

and why ſhould not he?—The price is not above four or five guineas more than his laſt night's winnings:—he offers it; and, with *great difficulty* and much perſuaſion, ſhe accepts it; but is quite *aſhamed* to think of the trouble he has given himſelf:—But, ſays ſhe, you Engliſhmen are ſo noble—ſo charming—ſo generous—and ſo—ſo—and looks ſo ſweet upon him, that, while her tongue faulters, *egad* he ventures to cover her confuſion by a kiſs;—where, inſtead of giving him the two broad ſides of her cheek, ſhe is ſo *off her guard*, and ſo overcome, as to preſent him, *unawares*, with a prety handſome daſh of red pomatum from her lovely pouting lips—and inſiſts upon it that he ſup with her, *tête à tête*, that very evening—when all his happineſs is completed. In a few nights after, he is invited to meet the *Counteſs*, and to ſup with *Monſieur le Marquis*, or *Monſieur le Chevalier Anglois*; he is feaſted with high meat, and inflamed with delicious wines;—they play after ſupper, and he is ſtripped of all his money, and gives—draughts upon his Banker for all his credit. He viſits the *Counteſs* the next day; ſhe receives him with a civil coolneſs—is very ſorry, ſhe ſays—and wiſhed

wiſhed much laſt night for a favourable opportunity to give him a hint, not to play after he had loſt the firſt thouſand, as ſhe perceived luck run hard againſt him:—ſhe is extremely mortified;—but, as a friend, adviſes him to go to Lyons, or ſome provincial town, where he may ſtudy the language with more ſucceſs, than in the hurry and noiſe of ſo great a city as Paris, and apply for further credit. His *new friends* viſit him no more; and he determines to take the *Counteſs*'s advice, and go on to Lyons, as he has heard the South of France is much cheaper; and there he may ſee what he can do, by leaving Paris, and an application to his friends in England. But at Lyons too, ſome artful knave, of one nation or the other, accoſts him, who has had notice of his Paris misfortunes: — he *pities* him;—and, rather than ſee a countryman, or a gentleman of faſhion and character, in diſtreſs, he would lend him fifty or a hundred pounds. When this is done, every art is uſed to debauch his principles; he is initiated into a gang of genteel ſharpers, and bullied, by the fear of a gaol, to connive at, or to become a party in, their iniquitous ſociety. His good name gives a ſanction

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for a while to their ſuſpected reputations; and, by means of an hundred pounds ſo lent to this honeſt young man, ſome thouſands are won from the *birds of paſſage*, who are continually paſſing through that city to the more ſouthern parts of France, or to Italy, Geneva, or Turin.

"This is not an imaginary picture, (continues Mr. Thickneſs), it is a picture I have ſeen: nay, I have ſeen the traps ſet, and the game caught; nor were thoſe who ſet the ſnares quite ſure that they might not put a ſtop to my peregrination; for they *riſqued a ſupper at me*, and let me win a few guineas at the little play which began before they ſat down to table. Indeed, my dear Sir, were I to give you the particulars of ſome of thoſe unhappy young men, who have been ruined, in fortune and conſtitution too, at Paris and Lyons, you would be ſtruck with pity on one ſide, and horror and deteſtation on the other; nor would ever riſque ſuch a *finiſhed part* of your ſon's education. Tell my Cambridge friend, from me, when he travels, never to let either Lords or Ladies, even of his own country, nor *Marquiſes*, *Counts*, or *Chevaliers*, of this, ever draw him into play;

play; but to remember that ſhrewd hint of Lord Cheſterfield's to his ſon:—'When you 'play with men, (ſays his Lordſhip) know 'with *whom* you play; when with women, 'for *what* you play.'—But let me add, that the only SAFE WAY, is never to play at all.

"At one of theſe towns I found a man, whoſe family I reſpected, and for whom I had a perſonal regard: he loaded me with civilities, nay, made me preſents, before I had the moſt diſtant ſuſpicions *how* he became in a ſituation to enable him ſo to do. He made every profeſſion of love and regard to me; and I verily believed him ſincere, becauſe I knew he had been obliged by a part of my family;—but when I found a coach, a country-houſe, a good table, a wife, and ſervants, were all ſupported by the *chance* of a gaming-table, I withdrew myſelf from all connexions with him; for I fear, he who lives to play, may *play* to *live*."

MOST of what can be told concerning Mr. Pope's petty peculiarities, was communicated by a female domeſtic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life.

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He was then ſo weak as to ſtand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely ſenſible of cold, ſo that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a ſhirt of very coarſe warm linen with fine ſleeves. When he roſe, he was inveſted in boddice made of ſtiff canvaſs, being ſcarce able to hold himſelf erect till they were laced; and he then put on a flannel waiſtcoat. One ſide was contracted. His legs were ſo ſlender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of ſtockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dreſs or undreſs himſelf, and neither went to bed nor roſe without help. His weakneſs made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almoſt all away; and he uſed to dine ſometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dreſs of ceremony was black, with a tye-wig, and a little ſword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his ſickneſs required, had taught him all the unpleaſing and unſocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing ſhould give way to his eaſe or humour, as a child, whoſe parents will not hear her cry, has an unreſiſted dominion in the nurſery.

C'eſt

C'eſt que l'enfant toujours eſt homme,
C'eſt que l'homme eſt toujours enfant.

When he wanted to ſleep, he *nodded in company*; and once ſlumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendſhip gave, procured him many invitations; but he was a very troubleſome inmate. He brought no ſervant, and had ſo many wants, that a numerous attendance was ſcarcely able to ſupply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, becauſe he exacted the attention, and employed the activity, of the whole family. His errands were ſo frequent and frivolous, that the footmen, in time, avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford diſcharged ſome of the ſervants for their reſolute refuſal of his meſſages. The maids, when they had neglected their buſineſs, alledged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his conſtant demands was coffee in the night; and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthenſome; but he was careful to recompenſe her want of ſleep; and Lord Oxford's ſervant declared, that in a houſe where her buſineſs

was

was to anſwer his call, ſhe would not aſk for wages.

He had another fault, eaſily incident to thoſe who, ſuffering much pain, think themſelves entitled to whatever pleaſures they can ſnatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite; he loved meat highly ſeaſoned, and of ſtrong taſte; and, at the intervals of the table, amuſed himſelf with biſcuits and dry conſerves. If he ſat down to a variety of diſhes, he would oppreſs his ſtomach with repletion, and, though he ſeemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with preſents of luxury, which he did not ſuffer to ſtand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the luſtre of their lives. Hannibal, ſays Juvenal, did not periſh by a javelin, or a ſword; the ſlaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by ſome of his friends to a ſilver ſaucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his ſenſuality ſhortened his life will not be haſtily concluded, when it is remembered that

that a conformation ſo irregular laſted ſix and fifty years, notwithſtanding ſuch pertinacious diligence of ſtudy and meditation.

In all his intercourſe with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purpoſes by indirect and unſuſpected methods. *He hardly drank tea without a ſtratagem.* If, at the houſe of his friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to aſk for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as ſomething convenient; though, when it was procured, he ſoon made it appear for whoſe ſake it had been recommended. Thus he teaſed Lord Orrery, till he obtained a ſcreen. He practiſed his arts on ſuch ſmall occaſions, that Lady Bolingbroke uſed to ſay, in a French phraſe, that *he played the Politician about cabbages and turnips.* His unjuſtifiable impreſſion of *The Patriot King*, as it can be imputed to no particular motive, muſt have proceeded from his general habit of ſecrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a ſly trick, and pleaſed himſelf with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

AMONG the variety of entertaining particulars in Mr. Pennant's *Tour into Wales*, we

have ſelected the following for the amuſement of our Readers: "I ſhall here bring (ſays he) into one point of view, the ſeveral religious cuſtoms uſed among us in former times; which have been gradually dropped, as the age grew enlightened. Several were local, ſeveral extended through the whole country: perhaps ſome, which were expreſſive of their hatred of vice, or which had a charitable end, might as well have been retained, notwithſtanding the ſmack of folly that was often to be perceived in them.

"In church, at the name of the Devil, an univerſal ſpitting ſeized the congregation, as if in contempt of that evil ſpirit; and whenever Judas was mentioned, they expreſſed their abhorrence of him by ſmiting their breaſts.

"If there was a *Fynnon Vair*, the well of our Lady, or any other Saint, the water for baptiſm was always brought from thence; and after the ceremony was over, old women were very fond of waſhing their eyes in the water of the font.

"Previous to a funeral, it was cuſtomary, when the corpſe was brought out of the houſe and laid upon the bier, for the next of kin, were

were it widow, mother, ſiſter, or daughter, (for it muſt be a female) to give, over the coffin, a quantity of white loaves in a great diſh, and ſometimes a cheeſe, with a piece of money ſtuck in it, to certain poor perſons. After that, they preſented, in the ſame manner, a cup of water, and required the perſon to drink a little of it immediately. When that was done, all preſent kneeled down; and the Miniſter, if preſent, ſaid the Lord's Prayer: after which they proceeded with the corpſe, and, at every croſs-way between the houſe and the church, they laid down the bier, knelt, and again repeated the Lord's Prayer; and did the ſame when they firſt entered the church-yard. It was alſo cuſtomary, in many places, to ſing pſalms on the way; by which the ſtillneſs of rural life was often broken into in a manner finely productive of religious reflexions.

"To this hour, the bier is carried by the next of kin; a cuſtom conſidered as the higheſt reſpect that filial piety can pay to the deceaſed. This was an uſage frequent among the Romans of high rank; and it was thought a great continuance of the good fortune which had attended Metellus Macedonicus, through his whole days,

that when he had, in the fulneſs of years, paſſed out of life by a gentle decay, amidſt the kiſſes and embraces of his neareſt connexions, he was carried to the funeral pile on the ſhoulders of his four ſons; and, let me add, that each of them had enjoyed the greateſt offices of the Commonwealth.

"Among the Welſh, it was reckoned fortunate for the deceaſed, if it ſhould rain while they were carrying him to the church, that his bier might be wet with the dew of Heaven.

"In ſome places, it was cuſtomary for the friends of the dead to kneel, and ſay the Lord's Prayer over the grave, for ſeveral Sundays after the interment; and then to dreſs the grave with flowers.

'Manibus data lilia plenis;
'Purpureos ſpargam flores; animamque nepotis
'His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
'Munere.

'Bring fragrant flowers, the faireſt lilies bring,
'With all the purple beauties of the Spring.
'Theſe gifts at leaſt, theſe honours I'll beſtow
'On the dear youth, to pleaſe his ſhade below."

WARTON.

"It is ſtill uſual to ſtick, on the eve of St. John the Baptiſt, over the doors, ſprigs of St. John's

John's Wort, or, in lieu of it, the common Mug-wort. The intent was to purify the houſe from evil ſpirits; in the ſame manner as the Druids were wont to do with Vervain, which ſtill bears, with the Welſh, the ſignificant title of *Cas gan Gythral*, or the Dæmon's Averſion.

"Upon Chriſtmas-day, about three o'clock in the morning, moſt of the pariſhioners aſſembled in church, and, after prayers and a ſermon, continued there, ſinging pſalms and hymns with great devotion, till broad day; and if, through age or infirmity, any were diſabled from attending, they never failed having prayers at home, and carrols on our Saviour's nativity. The former part of the cuſtom is ſtill preſerved; but too often perverted into intemperance. This act of devotion is called *Plygan*, or the Crowing of the Cock. It has been a general belief among the ſuperſtitious, that inſtantly,

——'at his warning,
'Whether in ſea, or fire, in earth, or air,
'Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
'To his confine.'

But, during the holy ſeaſon, the cock was ſuppoſed to exert his power throughout the night;

from which, undoubtedly, originated the Welſh word *Plygan*, as applied to this cuſtom. Accordingly, Shakeſpeare finely deſcribes this old opinion:

'Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
'Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
'The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
'And then, they ſay, no Spirit walks abroad:
'The nights are wholeſome: then no Planets ſtrike;
'No Fairy takes; no Witch hath power to charm,
'So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.'

THE Spaniſh ſettlement of St. Auguſtine was attacked, in the year 1747, by the Engliſh, who were obliged to raiſe the ſiege: at which time a party of Highlanders, who attempted to cover their retreat, were routed, and great numbers of them cut to pieces. A Serjeant, being taken priſoner by the Spaniſh Indians, was reſerved for that lingering death, of roaſting by a ſlow fire, to which thoſe ſavages devoted their priſoners. This unfortunate ſoldier, when he beheld the preparations for the horrid tortures that attended him, being well acquainted with the Indian language from ſome years reſidence in Georgia, with equal plauſibility and reſolution,

reſolution, addreſſed the unrelenting barbarians in a ſpeech to the following purport: 'Heroes 'and Patriarchs of the new world, you were 'not the enemies I ſought to meet; you have, 'however, gained the victory: make what uſe 'of it you think fit. The fate of war hath de-'livered me into your hands; and I diſpute not 'your right. But, ſince it is the cuſtom of my 'fellow-citizens to offer a ranſom for their 'lives, liſten to a propoſition which is not to be 'rejected. Know then, brave Americans! 'that in the country which gave me birth, there 'are certain men endowed with ſupernatural 'knowledge. One of theſe ſages, who was 'allied to me by blood, gave me, when I be-'came a ſoldier, a charm which was to render 'me invulnerable. You ſaw how I eſcaped all 'your darts: without that inchantment, was it 'poſſible I ſhould have ſurvived the many blows 'with which you aſſailed me? I appeal to your 'valour. Did I either ſeek for eaſe, or fly 'from danger? It is not ſo much my life that 'I now beg of you, as the glory of revealing a 'ſecret of importance to your preſervation, and 'of rendering the moſt valiant nation in the 'world immortal. Only leave me one of my

'hands at liberty, for the ceremonies of the in-'chantment: I will give you a proof of its 'power upon myſelf in your preſence.' The Indians hearkened with avidity to a ſpeech that equally ſuited their warlike diſpoſition, and their inclinations towards the marvellous. After a ſhort deliberation, they unlooſed one of the priſoner's arms. The Scotchman requeſted, that his broad-ſword ſhould be given to the moſt alert and moſt vigorous perſon in the aſſembly; and, laying bare his neck, after he had rubbed it over with magic ſigns, and muttered a few inarticulate words, he called out, with a loud voice and a cheerful air, 'Behold 'ye now, ſage Indians, an inconteſtable evi-'dence of my ſincerity. You, warrior, who 'graſp the inſtrument of death, ſtrike with 'your whole force; you are not only unable to 'ſever my head from my body, but even to 'pierce the ſkin of my neck!' He had ſcarce pronounced theſe words, when the Indian, fetching a moſt dreadful blow, made the head of the Serjeant fly to the diſtance of twenty yards. The aſtoniſhed ſavages ſtood immoveable. They looked at the bloody carcaſe, and then caſt their eyes on themſelves, as if to reproach

proach one another for their ſtupid credulity. Admiring, however, the ſtratagem employed by the ſtranger to ſhorten his death, and to avoid the torments that were prepared for him, they granted to his corpſe the funeral honours of their country.

LEWIS XI. was uſually attended by Triſtan the hermit, his grand Provoſt, a barbarous Miniſter, and blind to all his maſter's caprices. Being one day at dinner, he perceived. by the ſide of a Monk, who had the curioſity to ſee the King dine, a Captain of Picardy, whom the Monarch deteſted. He gave a wink to the Provoſt Triſtan, who, being accuſtomed to this kind of language, and thinking that his maſter wanted to have the Monk diſpatched, had him ſeized, upon his retiring, by the Satellites, who tied him up in a ſack, and threw him into the Seine: this was the method whereby Triſtan uſed to get rid of thoſe the King choſe to deſtroy. The Officer, who obſerved the ſign given by Lewis, and knew his meaning, took horſe and eſcaped with all poſſible ſpeed. This the King was informed of, and aſked Triſtan, the next day, Why he had not executed the orders

he

he had given him by the ſign? 'Sire,' replied Triſtan, 'our man has got a good way by this 'time.'—"A good way!" ſaid the King; "he "was ſeen yeſterday at Amiens."—'It is a 'miſtake,' replied Triſtan, boldly; 'I'll war-'rant he is at Rouen, and not at Amiens, if he 'has been ſwimming ever ſince.'—"Who do "you mean?" reſumed the Monarch.—'Why, 'the Monk,' anſwered Triſtan, 'whom you 'pointed to yeſterday: he was immediately tied 'up in a ſack, and thrown into the river.'—"How! the Monk!" ſaid Lewis; "Good "God! what haſt thou done? He was the "worthieſt Monk in my whole kingdom. A "dozen maſſes of *requiem* muſt be ſaid for him "to-morrow, which will clear our conſciences. "I wanted only to have the Picardy Captain "diſpatched."

THE late Mr. Ralph Allen, who has been univerſally honoured with the epithet of *good*, was originally born to no profeſſion. A fund of good ſenſe, however, ſhowed him the moſt likely methods of procuring an immenſe eſtate; and his conduct proves the ancient adage, that 'Every man is the maker of his own for-'tune.'

'tune.' The croſs-poſts all over England were of his contrivance: theſe he farmed from the Government, and they turned out highly to his advantage. An eſtate, he purchaſed near Bath, was bought with equal prudence: it was found to contain a quarry, from which the ſtones for building the moſt beautiful parts of that town were taken. By this eſtate he gained ſuch conſiderable ſums, that, though he gave numberleſs benefactions to the indigent or meritorious, he died worth more than an hundred thouſand pounds. It is told of this excellent man, that he once courted a young Lady, whoſe father wanted to drive the match, as it was very advantageous. The young Lady, however, was pre-engaged to another lover; which when Mr. Allen knew, he generouſly portioned out his miſtreſs from his own fortune, and gave her away himſelf to his own rival. The honours which ſo much virtue deſerved, were amply recompenſed by Mr. Pope, in theſe fine lines:

'Let modeſt Allen, with ingenuous ſhame,
'Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.'

CHARLES V. Emperor of Germany, being eager in the purſuit of a ſtag, loſt his company, and

and killed the ſtag two miles from Madrid; when, an old country fellow happening to come by with an aſs and a load of wood, he offered to give him more than the wood was worth, if he would carry the ſtag to Madrid; and the countryman merrily anſwered, 'By the Lord, 'friend, I believe you are a fool: you ſee the 'ſtag is heavier than the aſs and wood toge-'ther, and yet you would have the poor aſs to 'carry him: it were better that you, who are 'a luſty fellow, ſhould carry them both.' The Emperor was pleaſed with the reply; and, whilſt he waited for his company, fell into diſcourſe with the old man, aſking him, How many Kings he had known? The Peaſant anſwered, 'I have lived under five Kings; John, 'his ſon Henry, King Ferdinand, King Philip, 'and this Charles.'—"Which of them, Fa-"ther," ſays the Emperor, "was the beſt, and "which the worſt?"—'There is no doubt to 'be made,' replied the old man, 'but Ferdi-'nand was the beſt; and who the worſt, I 'ſha'n't ſay: but he we have now is bad enough; 'always rambling to Italy, Germany, and 'Flanders, carrying all the money out of 'Spain; and though his revenues are great 'enough

'enough to conquer the world, yet he is always 'laying on new taxes, ſo that we poor coun-'trymen are quite beggared.' The Emperor, finding the fellow was in earneſt, began to plead his own cauſe the beſt he could, without diſcovering himſelf, till his company came up: when the countryman, ſeeing the reſpect they ſhowed him, ſaid, 'It were pleaſant if it ſhould 'prove to be the King; but, had I known it, I 'would have ſaid much more.' The Emperor was ſo far from being diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe, that he gave the old man a ſum of money, and ſettled a portion on his daughter.

CHARLES MATERA, a Neapolitan Poet, who lived at that time in Rome (in the Pontificate of Sixtus V.), had publiſhed a ſmall book of poems, in compliment to ſome Ladies; amongſt whom, there was one whoſe name was Iſabella, a woman of unſpotted character, and the wife of an Advocate, with whom he had lately had a quarrel. After he had ſaid a great many fine things of her, in the firſt lines of every ſtanza, he always concluded in this manner:

"But Iſabella is a whore."

Theſe

Theſe being handed about the town, a copy of them fell into the hands of the Advocate; and he carried it ſtraight to the Pope, who gave immediate orders to the Provoſt-marſhal, to apprehend and bring Matera before him, as he had a mind to interrogate him himſelf, and know the truth of the accuſation from his own mouth. The Advocate, who was afraid Matera would run away, and he ſhould loſe his revenge, made ſo diligent a ſearch after him, that he was arreſted that day. When he ſaw himſelf ſurrounded by the archers, and hurried away to the Vatican, he was ſtrangely ſurpriſed; being quite ignorant of the cauſe, though he began to ſuſpect it, upon ſight of the Advocate amongſt the archers. When he came before the Pope, who had the verſes in his hand, being aſked by him, Whether he was the author of them? he ingenuouſly confeſſed he was; either expecting to meet with ſome favour for ſpeaking the truth; or becauſe he knew it was in vain to deny it, as there was ſufficient proof againſt him. Sixtus then ordered him to read the verſes himſelf: and when he came to the line that reflected upon Iſabella, he made him repeat it twice; aſking, what had provoked him

him to take ſuch liberties with the reputation of a modeſt woman? To which he anſwered, 'I 'ſolemnly proteſt and ſwear to you, Moſt Holy 'Father, that I had not the leaſt intention to 'wound the fame of this Lady; and if there 'is any thing that ſeems abuſive, or reflecting 'upon her, in my verſes, it is merely poetical 'licence. Your Holineſs, I am ſure, very well 'knows, that there is nothing ſo firmly eſta-'bliſhed, and ſo generally allowed in the world, 'as the liberty that has ever been taken by 'Painters and Poets: and you will pleaſe to 'take notice, Moſt Holy Father, that the word '*fontana*, which ends the laſt verſe but one of 'every ſtanza, puts me under a neceſſity, for 'rhyme's ſake, of uſing the word *puttana*, '[a whore] without any deſign to make the 'world believe that ſhe is really ſo; but to 'give more grace and beauty to the lines, by 'the richneſs and harmony of the rhyme.' The ſtanders-by could not help ſmiling at ſo poor an excuſe, and the gravity with which he was heard by the Pope, who, looking ſternly at him, ſaid, "If Poetaſters, like you, are al-"lowed ſuch licence, ſurely the Pope may ex-"pect the ſame indulgence. Let us ſee then,

"if

" if we can't compoſe a couplet, with the aſſiſt-
" ance of a little poetical licence:" and, having pauſed a moment or two, he brought forth the two following lines:

" Merita ben queſto Signor Matera
" D'haver per ſtanza propr'a un galera.'

" Good Maſter Sing-ſong, for being ſo arch,
" Thou ſurely this day to the galleys ſhalt march."

" Pray Sir," ſays he, " what do you think of
" our extempore performance? How does it
" ſound in your ear? Are the rhymes rich and
" full?" But the poor Poet, half dead, and ready to ſink into the earth with fear, not being able to make any anſwer, Sixtus ordered him to be carried away to priſon. The Judge-criminal, who was preſent, aſking him, If he was in earneſt, and really deſigned he ſhould be condemned to the galleys? he anſwered, in a great rage, " How dare you preſume to aſk ſuch a
" queſtion? Can you make any ſcruple of paſſ-
" ing this ſentence upon him? If we leave
" ſuch an inſolent outrage unpuniſhed for the
" ridiculous excuſe of poetical licence, ſome
" impertinent ſcribbler will, ſhortly, take the
" liberty of calling us ourſelves ignominious
" names, on a pretence of its being neceſſary,

" for

" for the rhyme and cadence of the verſe. Is " it not right, then, to prevent ſuch conſe- " quences, by making an example of this fel- " low?" The Governor finiſhed the proceſs that day, and condemned him for five years to the galleys; notwithſtanding the ſolicitations of the Urſini family, under whoſe protection he was, and the interpoſition of Cardinal Montallo (the Pope's nephew), to whom he had dedicated a poem upon Sixtus's coronation, which had met with the approbation of many people of taſte, and was ſaid to have ſome merit.

THE late Colonel Cunningham took great delight in paying his addreſſes to young Ladies, merely for amuſement; and no ſooner did he perceive that he had gained their affection, than he deſpiſed his conqueſt. One of theſe forſaken nymphs was a Lady of exceeding good birth, very well accompliſhed, and of unblemiſhed reputation, but not of fortune equal to his: however, he ſeemed ſo fond, that ſhe ſuppoſed that would be no obſtacle, and entirely devoted herſelf to the pleaſure of loving him; which he no ſooner perceived, than he grew cold, civil, and reſpectful, and at laſt went to

London, without ſo much as bidding her farewell. Her ſtep-father, Brigadier V—r—y, having ſome call there, took his Lady and her children with him, where the Miſs A—t (for that was the Lady's name) frequently ſaw the Colonel at court: he never took the leaſt notice of her; but ſeemed as never acquainted. This, as we may preſume, ſufficiently grieved her: ſhe made her complaint to a female confidante, a Lady of quality, and a woman of ſpirit: between them they contrived, at leaſt, to give his vanity a terrible mortification. They wrote to him a letter, as from a married Ducheſs, who was fallen in love with him at court. The chairman had directions to wait for his anſwer, but they took care that he ſhould not be able to gueſs who ſent it. All that the Colonel could diſcover, was, that it was given to him in the ſtreet, and he was ordered to leave the anſwer at a mercer's, where it would be ſafely delivered to the perſon who wrote the letter. This ſecrecy made him quite ſure he had gained the heart of ſome high-born fair: he failed not to ſend a paſſionate and tender return, for ſo great an honour as the unknown charmer had done him. The Ladies received it, and were glad to find

the

the gudgeon ſwallow the bait ſo greedily. Next night he took care to dreſs himſelf with the utmoſt magnificence; and, as he was really a graceful perſon, he made no doubt but the Lady would, by ſome favourable glance, diſcover herſelf to him: to this end, he was at court, and ſtrictly examined the countenance of every Lady of quality there, to no purpoſe; which only made him ſuppoſe the Lady extremely diſcreet, and careful of her reputation. His imaginary miſtreſs made ſeveral appointments with him: then ſent him word, *her Lord was come to town*, or ſome apology, 'till at laſt, tired with their ſport, they reſolved to finiſh it. To this end, he received a letter, that the Lady could not find out any place where ſhe could, without danger of diſcovery, meet him, except at his own houſe, but begged that he would not let any of his ſervants be in the way; that ſhe would come in a chair, exactly at ten, one ſmall tap at the door being the ſignal for happineſs. Never did knight-errant propoſe to himſelf more glory in the finiſhing of an adventure, than did our happy Colonel at his near-approaching bliſs. He had framed to himſelf an idea of a perfect beauty, kind, tender, and

formed for love. His anſwer was all rapture, and acknowledgement. His apartments were filled with wax-lights, himſelf curled, perfumed, and dreſſed to ſuch advantage,—who could reſiſt that beheld him? He punctually obeyed the Lady's commands, in diſmiſſing all the ſervants, with orders not to appear; and waited the happy minute, with the impatience of a real lover: every moment he looked at his watch, and thought the hours ages. At length, the long-wiſhed-for ſignal was given: he flew to receive the fair-one; when a porter delivered a band-box into his hand, and, without ſpeaking a word to him, vaniſhed. Never was any man in greater confuſion than he at opening it: he there found, not only his own ſoft epiſtles, but alſo a little doll in a chair, with a letter in her hand, directed to him; the purport of which was, to let him know he was a conceited coxcomb, to ſuppoſe any woman of quality had the leaſt regard for him, and that the Lady who held that, was a miſtreſs good enough for him.

JEREMY WHITE (one of Oliver Cromwell's Domeſtic Chaplains), a ſprightly man, and a top wit of his court, was ſo ambitious as to make his

his addreſſes to Lady Frances, the Protector's youngeſt daughter. The young Lady did not diſcourage him; and this piece of innocent gallantry, in ſo religious a court, could not be carried on without ſpies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concerned at it; obliging the perſon who informed him, to be on the watch; and told him, if he could give him any ſubſtantial proof, he ſhould be very well rewarded, and White ſeverely puniſhed. The ſpy followed the matter ſo cloſe, that he hunted Jerry White (as he was generally termed) to the Lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector with this news. Oliver, in a rage, haſtened thither himſelf, and, going in haſtily, found Jerry on his knees, kiſſing the Lady's hand, or having juſt kiſſed it. Cromwell, in a fury, aſked what was the meaning of that poſture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of preſence of mind, ſaid, 'May it 'pleaſe your Highneſs, I have a long time 'courted that young Gentlewoman there, my 'Lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was 'therefore humbly praying her Ladyſhip to in-'tercede for me.' The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the mean-

" ing of this, huſſey? Why do you refuſe the " honour Mr. White would do you? He is my " friend, and I expect you ſhould treat him as " ſuch." My Lady's woman, who deſired nothing more, with a very low curt'ſey, replied, 'If Mr. White intends me that honour, I ſhall 'not be againſt him.'—" Say you ſo, my laſs?" cried Cromwell; " call Godwyn: this buſi- " neſs ſhall be done preſently, before I go out " of the room." Mr. White was gone too far to go back: the Parſon came; Jerry and my Lady's woman were married in the preſence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion; and that, with the money ſhe had ſaved before, made Mr. White eaſy in his circumſtances, except in one thing, which was, that he never loved his wife, nor ſhe him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

THE following reply was made, by the owner of Hoes Ferry, to a perſon inquiring after his father's health. This Gentleman, as well as moſt of his family, being remarkably attached to the uſe of hard words, and a turgid bombulous ſtyle, which they conſidered as *inſignia* of dignity and ſuperior conſequence, had made it his

ſtudy

ſtudy to convey all his ideas and thoughts, even in common converſation, in the language of pompoſity and affected oſtentation, in ſuch a degree as to render himſelf altogether unintelligible to the common people; and of this peculiarity all the family were not a little proud. The Editor tranſcribes it *verbatim*, as a curioſity in its way.

'Sir, (ſaid he) the intenſe frigidity of the 'circumambient atmoſphere had ſo congealed 'the pellucid aqueous fluid of the enormous 'river Potomack, that with the moſt eminent 'and ſuperlative reluctance, I was conſtrained 'to procraſtinate my premeditated egreſs into 'the palatinate province of Maryland, for the 'medical, chemical, and galenical co-adju-'vancy and co-operation of a diſtinguiſhed ſa-'native ſon of Eſculapius, until the peccant 'deleterious matter of the *arthrites* had per-'vaded the *cranium*, into which it had aſcended 'and penetrated, from the inferior pedeſtrial 'major digit of my paternal relative in con-'ſanguinity, whereby his morboſity was mag-'nified ſo exorbitantly, as to exhibit an abſo-'lute extinguiſhment of vivification.'

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Moore, had the honour of knighthood conferred on him by King George I,—on what occaſion is not recorded; but, as ſome writers obſerved, it was ſcarcely on account of his poetry. He only wrote one play, which is remarkable only for its abſurdities.—It is intitled "Mangora, "King of the Timbuſians." Through the influence of many good dinners and ſuppers, which Sir Thomas gave to the Actors of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Theatre, at length it made its way to the ſtage. To give our Readers an idea of the merit of the piece, and the genius of its author, we ſhall ſelect a few paſſages from it, for their entertainment.—In one part of it, the King makes uſe of the following very extraordinary exclamation:

'By all the ancient Gods of Rome and Greece,
'I love my *Daughter* better than my *Niece*.
'If any one ſhould aſk the reaſon why;—
'I'd tell 'em—Nature makes the ſtrongeſt tie.'

And, in another place, having conceived a ſuſpicion of ſome deſign being formed againſt his life, he thus emphatically calls for and commands aſſiſtance:

'Call up my guards! call 'em up ev'ry one!
'If you don't call all—you'd as good call none.'

AT

AT the battle of Malplaquet, a ludicrous circumſtance happened:

A young Swiſs recruit, when his regimentals were making, had procured a round iron plate bordered with ſmall holes, which he deſired the taylor to faſten on the inſide of his coat, above his left breaſt, to prevent his being ſhot through the heart. The taylor, being a humourous fellow, faſtened it in the ſeat of his breeches; and the clothes being ſcarcely on his back when he was ordered to march into the field, having no opportunity to get this awkward miſtake rectified, before he found himſelf engaged in battle, and being obliged to fly before the enemy, in endeavouring to get over a thorn-hedge in his way, he unfortunately ſtuck faſt till he was overtaken by a foe, who, on his coming up, gave him a puſh in the breech with his bayonet (with no friendly deſign); but it luckily hit on the iron plate, and puſhed the young ſoldier clear out of the hedge; this favourable circumſtance made the Swiſs honeſtly confeſs, "that the taylor had more ſenſe than "himſelf, and knew better where his *heart* "*lay.*"

A CERTAIN

A CERTAIN Cham of Tartary, going a progreſs with his Nobles, was met by a Derviſe, who cried, with a loud voice, "Whoſoever "will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will "give him a piece of advice." The Cham ordered him the ſum: upon which the Derviſe ſaid, "Begin nothing, of which thou haſt not "well conſidered the end." The Courtiers, upon hearing this plain ſentence, ſmiled; and ſaid, with a ſneer, 'The Derviſe is well paid 'for his maxim:' But the King was ſo well ſatisfied with the anſwer, that he ordered it to be written, in gold letters, in ſeveral places of his palaces, and engraved on all his plate. Not long after, the King's Surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poiſoned lancet, at the time he let him blood. One day, when the King's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the Surgeon's hand, he read on the baſon, "Begin nothing, "of which thou haſt not well conſidered the "end." He immediately ſtarted, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The King obſerved his confuſion, and inquired the reaſon. The Surgeon fell proſtrate, confeſſed the whole affair, and was pardoned, and the conſpirators died. The Cham, turning to his Courtiers

who

who heard the advice with contempt, told them, 'That counſel could not be too much valued, 'which had ſaved a King's life.'

A RICH old country neighbour of the late Counſellor Fazakerley, who had often endeavoured to ſteal his advice, taking an opportunity one day, in the courſe of a morning's ride, to aſk his opinion upon a point of ſome conſequence, he gave it very fully, poſitively, and explicitly upon the buſineſs; but ſome time afterwards, the 'Squire coming to the other's chambers in town, in a great hurry, ſays, "Zounds! Mr. Fazakerley! I have loſt four "or five thouſand pounds by your advice."— 'By my advice, neighbour! how ſo?' replied Fazakerley. "Why, you were wrong in the "opinion you gave me in ſuch an affair."— 'My opinion!' ſays the Serjeant, turning to one of his books; 'I don't remember giving 'you any opinion upon the ſubject; I don't re-'member having had any ſuch a thing before 'me; I ſee nothing of it in my book.'—— "Book! no," ſays the other, "it was as we "were riding out together at ſuch a time."— 'O!' ſays the Serjeant, 'I remember it now; 'but

'but that was only my travelling opinion;
'and, to tell you truly, neighbour, my opinion
'is never to be relied upon, unleſs the caſe ap-
'pears in my *fee-book*.'

IT was the frequent cuſtom with Voltaire, whenever he ſpoke of the Engliſh, to compare them to a butt of their own ſtrong beer, the froth at top, dregs at bottom, but the middle excellent.

'Your nation, like your language, (ſaid Voltaire one day to an Engliſhman) 'is a 'ſtrange mixture of a variety of others. When 'I behold one of your countrymen fond of the 'tricks and chicane of law, I ſay, 'There is a "Norman, who came over with William the "Conqueror:' When I ſee another affable and 'polite, 'He has the manners of a Plantagenet:' 'or a third, outrageous and brutal, 'That, ſay I, "is a Dane."

Notwithſtanding his enthuſiaſm in behalf of the Engliſh, he confeſſed there were among them many unſociable and melancholic characters. He one day ſaid to Lord Lyttelton:

'Capricious, proud, the ſelf-ſame axe avails,
'To chop off Monarchs heads, or horſes tails.'

Diſcourſing

Diſcourſing of the Hiſtory of England: "The "hangman," ſaid he, "ſhould be their Hiſ- "torian; for he uſually ſettles their diſputes."

THERE is a remarkable anecdote recorded by Winſtanley, in regard to a Play, intitled "*Lingua*," which points it out to have been, in ſome meaſure, the cauſe of thoſe troubles which diſturbed the peace of theſe realms in the middle of the ſeventeenth century. He tells us, when this Play was acted at Cambridge, Oliver Cromwell (then a youth) performed a part in it. The ſubſtance of the piece is a contention among the Senſes, for a Crown, which *Lingua* has laid for them to find. The part allotted to young Cromwell was that of *Tactus*, or *Touch*, who, having obtained the conteſted coronet, makes this ſpirited declaration:

'Roſes and Bays, pack hence! this Crown and Robe
'My brows and body circles and inveſts:
'How gallantly it fits me!—Sure the ſlave
'Meaſur'd my head, that wrought this Coronet.—
'They lye that ſay complexions cannot change!
'My blood's ennobled, and I am transform'd
'Unto the ſacred temper of a King.
'Methinks I hear my noble paraſites
'Stiling me Cæſar, or great Alexander,
'Licking my feet, &c.

It

It is ſaid that he felt the whole part ſo warmly, and more eſpecially the above-quoted ſpeech, that it was what firſt fired his ſoul with ambition, and excited him, from the poſſeſſion of an imaginary crown, to ſtretch his views to that of a real one, for the accompliſhment of which he was contented to wade through ſeas of blood, and "ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind."

A FEW months before the ingenious Mr. Hogarth was ſeiſed with the malady which deprived ſociety of one of its moſt diſtinguiſhed ornaments, he propoſed to his matchleſs pencil, the work he has intitled a *Tail-Piece*; the firſt idea of which is ſaid to have been ſtarted in company, while the convivial glaſs was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," ſaid Hogarth, "ſhall be the *end* "*of all things.*"—'If that is the caſe,' replied one of his friends, 'your *buſineſs* will be *finiſhed*, 'for there will be *an end* of the *Painter*.'—— "There will ſo," anſwered Hogarth, ſighing heavily, "and therefore the ſooner *my work is* "*done*, the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his deſign with a diligence that ſeemed to indicate an apprehenſion

henſion (as the report goes) he ſhould not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did in the moſt ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the *end of all things*. A broken bottle—an old broom, worn to the ſtump—the butt end of an old muſket—a cracked bell—bow unſtrung—a crown tumbling in pieces—towers in ruins—the ſign-poſt of a tavern, called *the World's End*, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains, which held it, dropping down—Phœbus, and his horſes, dead in the clouds—a veſſel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glaſs and ſcythe broken, a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the laſt whiff of ſmoke going out—a play-book opened, with *exeunt omnes* ſtampt on the corner—an empty purſe—and a ſtatute of bankruptcy taken out againſt Nature. "So far ſo "good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains "but this," taking his pencil in a ſort of prophetic fury, and daſhing off the ſimilitude of a *Painter's pallet broken*. "*Finis!*" exclaimed Hogarth, "*the deed is done*—all is over!" It is a very remarkable fact, and little known perhaps, that he died in about a month after this

this Tail-Piece; and, it is well known, he never again took the Pallet in hand, to the infinite loſs of ſociety.

THE extravagant and enthuſiaſtic opinion Dennis had of the merit and importance of his tragedy, called *Liberty aſſerted*, cannot be more properly evinced, than by the following anecdote: He imagined there were ſome ſtrokes in it ſo ſevere upon the French nation, that they could never be forgiven; and conſequently, that Louis XIV. would not conſent to a peace with England, unleſs he was delivered up as a ſacrifice to national reſentment. Nay, ſo far did he carry this apprehenſion, that, when the Congreſs for the peace of Utrecht was in agitation, he waited upon the Duke of Marlborough, who had formerly been his patron, to intreat his intereſt with the Plenipotentiaries, that they ſhould not conſent to his being given up. The Duke, however, told him, with great gravity, That he was ſorry it was not in his power to ſerve him, as he really had no intereſt with any of the Miniſters at that time; but added, that he fancied his caſe not to be quite ſo deſperate as he ſeemed to imagine; for

for that indeed he had taken no care to get himſelf excepted in the articles of peace; and yet he could not help thinking, that he had done the French almoſt as much damage as Mr. Dennis himſelf.—Another effect of this apprehenſion prevailing with him, is told as follows: That being invited down to a Gentleman's houſe on the coaſt of Suſſex, where he had been very kindly entertained for ſome time, as he was one day walking near the beach, he ſaw a ſhip ſailing, as he imagined, towards him: on which, taking it into his head that he was betrayed, he immediately made the beſt of his way to London, without even taking leave of his hoſt, who had been ſo civil to him; but, on the contrary, proclaimed him to every body as a traitor, who had decoyed him down to his houſe only in order to give notice to the French, who had fitted out a veſſel on purpoſe to carry him off, if he had not luckily diſcovered their deſign.

AN Archbiſhop of Canterbury, making a tour into the country, ſtopped at an inn for refreſhment. Being at the window, he obſerved at a diſtance, in a ſolitary wood, a well-dreſſed

man alone, talking and acting a kind of part. The Prelate's curiosity was excited to know what the stranger was about; and he accordingly sent some of his servants to observe him, and hear what he was rehearsing; but, they bringing him back an answer that was not satisfactory, his Grace resolved to go himself. He accordingly repaired to the wood, ordering his attendants to keep at a distance. He addressed the stranger very politely, and was answered with the same civility. A conversation having been once entered into, though not without interruptions by an occasional soliloquy, his Grace asked him What he was about? "I am at "play," he replied. 'At play!' said the Prelate; 'and with whom? You are all alone.' —"I own," said he, "Sir, you do not per- "ceive my antagonist; but I am playing with "God!"—'Playing with God!' (his Lordship thinking the man out of his mind) 'this 'is a very extraordinary party; and pray 'what game, Sir, are you playing?'—"At "chess, Sir." The Archbishop smiled; but the man seemed peaceable: he was willing to amuse himself with a few more questions. 'And 'do you play for any thing, Sir?'—"Certainly."

"tainly."—'You cannot have any great chance, 'as your adverſary muſt be ſo ſuperior to you?" —"He does not take advantage, but plays "merely like a man."—'Pray, Sir, when 'you win or loſe, how do you ſettle your ac-'counts?'—"Very exactly and punctually, I "promiſe you."—'Indeed! pray how ſtands 'your game?' The ſtranger, after muttering ſomething to himſelf, ſaid, "Why, I have "juſt loſt it."—'And how much have you 'loſt?'—"Fifty guineas."—'That is a great 'ſum! How do you intend paying it? Does 'God take your money?'—"No, the poor "are his treaſurers: he always ſends ſome "worthy perſon to receive the debt; and you "are at preſent the purſe-bearer." Saying this, he pulled out his purſe, and reckoning fifty guineas, he put them into his Grace's hand, and retired, ſaying, He ſhould play no more that day. The Prelate was quite faſcinated: he did not know what to make of this extraordinary adventure: he viewed the money, found all the guineas good, recalled what had paſſed, and began to think there muſt be ſomething more in this man than he had diſcovered. However, he continued his journey,

and applied the money to the uſe of the poor, as had been directed. Upon his return, he ſtopped at the ſame inn, and, perceiving the ſame perſon again in the wood, in his former ſituation, he reſolved to have a little further converſation with him, and went alone to the ſpot where he was. The ſtranger was a comely man; and the Prelate could not help viewing him with a kind of religious veneration, thinking, by this time, that he was inſpired to do good in this uncommon manner. The Prelate accoſted him as an old acquaintance, and familiarly aſked him how the chance ſtood ſince they had firſt met? "Sometimes for me, and "ſometimes againſt me. I have both loſt and "won."—'And are you at play now?'—"Yes, Sir, we have played ſeveral games to-"day."—'And who wins?'—"Why, Sir, at "preſent the advantage is on my ſide; the "game is juſt over; I have a fine ſtroke, "cheek-mate; there it is."—'And pray, Sir, 'how much have you won?'—"Five hundred "guineas."—'This is a handſome ſum; but 'how are you to be paid?'—"I pay and receive "in the ſame manner: he always ſends ſome "good rich man when I win; and you, my Lord,

"Lord, are the perſon: God is remarkably "punctual upon theſe occaſions." The Archbiſhop had received a conſiderable ſum that very day; the ſtranger knew it, and, producing a piſtol, by way of receipt, the Prelate found himſelf under the neceſſity of giving up his caſh; and, by this time, diſcovered this divine-inſpired gameſter to be no leſs than a thief. His Lordſhip, in the courſe of his journey, related the firſt part of this adventure; but the latter part he took great pains to conceal.

WHEN the late facetious Bonnell Thornton was a ſtudent at Oxford, having a natural turn for gaiety, and being a good deal circumſcribed in his finances, he was obliged to have recourſe to ſtratagem for ways and means. He had lately had two new ſuits of clothes, and anticipated his taylor's demands by a fictitious bill; for which, upon remitting it to his Father, he received the amount by the return of the poſt. The ſight of ſo much caſh, which he had been unaccuſtomed to, animated him with an uncommon flow of ſpirits, which were not to be indulged in ſcholaſtic exerciſes; ſo that he immediately ſet out for the capital; and, ha-

ving there equipped himſelf with a bag-wig and ſword, he accompanied his *Dulcinea* to the play, in the pit. The ſecond muſic was ſcarcely finiſhed, before his Father came, and placed himſelf in the ſeat before him; and, preſently turning round, was a good deal ſtartled at ſeeing a figure that ſo much reſembled his ſon. "What, Bonnell!" ſaid he, "are you there?" But Bonnell, who knew nothing could befriend him upon this occaſion but effrontery, reſolved to brazen it out, turned to his lady and chatted with her, not paying any attention to the old gentleman's inquiries. His father was, however, very diſſatisfied, notwithſtanding Bonnell's diſguiſe, and retired before the play was finiſhed, much chagrined. Upon his return home, he found an intimate friend, to whom he communicated the cauſe of the mortification he had received; and added, that he would burn his will, and cut ſuch an ungrateful raſcal off with a ſhilling; an unnatural ſcoundrel! who had publickly diſowned his father. Mr. Thornton's friend endeavoured to ſoften his paſſion, and diſſuade him from ſo precipitate an act; ſaying, that he could not poſſibly think it was Bonnell Mr. Thornton had ſeen, and that his dreſs

dreſs was a proof of the miſtake. This, however, did not prevent his perſevering in the reſolution of deſtroying his will, till his friend agreed to ſet out early the next morning for Oxford, and there receive ſatisfactory intelligence. Bonnell, convinced of his critical ſituation, ſet out poſt for Oxford, as ſoon as the play was finiſhed, and got there time enough to be at morning prayers. His father arrived there with his friend in the evening, and, upon inquiry, finding his ſon was at college, and had been at prayers that very morning, he returned fully ſatisfied with Bonnell's filial duty.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roſcommon, a nobleman more diſtinguiſhed by his genius than by his illuſtrious birth, having been attacked in the night by three ruffians, who deſigned to aſſaſſinate him, was generouſly defended by an officer who chanced that inſtant to paſs by. Roſcommon, who had eſcaped the danger he had been expoſed to, and full of gratitude for his brave defender, diveſted himſelf immediately, in favour of him, of his poſt of Captain of the Guards to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

IN the war carried on by Louis XII. of France, againſt the Venetians, the town of Breſcia being taken by ſtorm, and abandoned to the ſoldiers, ſuffered, for ſeven days, all the diſtreſſes of cruelty and avarice. No houſe eſcaped but where Chevalier Bayard was lodged. At his entrance, the miſtreſs, a woman of figure, fell at his feet, and, deeply ſobbing, "Oh! "my Lord, ſave my life; ſave the honour of "my daughters."—'Take courage, Madam,' ſaid the Chevalier; 'your life, and their ho-'nour, ſhall be ſecure, while I have life.' The two young ladies, brought from their hiding-place, were preſented to him; and the family, thus re-united, beſtowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them opportunity to expreſs their zeal: they employed a notable ſurgeon; they attended him, by turn, day and night; and, when he could bear to be amuſed, they entertained him with concerts of muſic. Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother ſaid to him, "To your goodneſs, my Lord, we owe "our lives; and to you, all that we have be-"longs, by right of war; but we hope, from "your ſignal benevolence, that this ſlight tri-

"bute

" bute will content you" [placing upon the table an iron coffer full of money]. ' What is ' the ſum?' ſaid the Chevalier. " My Lord," anſwered ſhe, trembling, " no more than two " thouſand five hundred ducats, all that we " have; but, if more be neceſſary, we will try " our friends."—' Madam,' ſaid he, ' I never ' ſhall forget your kindneſs, more precious in ' my eyes than a hundred thouſand ducats: ' take back your money, and depend always on ' me.'—" My good Lord, you kill me, to re- " fuſe this ſmall ſum: take it only as a mark of " your friendſhip to my family."—' Well,' ſaid he, ' ſince it will oblige you, I take the ' money; but give me the ſatisfaction of bid- ' ding adieu to your amiable daughters.' They came to him with looks of regard and affection. " Ladies," ſaid he, " the impreſſion you have " made on my heart will never wear out, " What return to make, I know not; for men " of my profeſſion are ſeldom opulent: but " here are two thouſand five hundred ducats, " of which the generoſity of your mother has " given me the diſpoſal. Accept them as a " marriage preſent; and may your happineſs in " marriage be equal to your merit!"—' Flower

' of

'of chivalry!' cried the Mother, 'may the 'God who ſuffered death for us reward you here 'and hereafter!'

THE following extraordinary example of female excellence is taken from Lieutenant General Burgoyne's State of the Expedition into Canada. 'It would exhibit,' ſays the General, 'if well delineated, an intereſting 'picture of the ſpirit, the enterpriſe, and the 'diſtreſs of romance, realized and regulated 'upon the chaſte and ſober principles of ra-'tional love and connubial duty.' Indeed, one cannot well imagine the female frame capable of ſupporting ſuch extreme diſtreſs; and the General relates the ſtory in a manner that does honour to his feelings.

"Lady Harriet Ackland had accompanied her huſband to Canada in the beginning of the year 1776. In the courſe of that campaign, ſhe had traverſed a vaſt ſpace of country, in different extremities of ſeaſons, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not eaſily conceive, to attend her huſband in a poor hut at Chamblée, upon his ſick-bed.

"In the opening of the campaign of 1777, ſhe was reſtrained from offering herſelf to a ſhare

ſhare of the hazard expected before Ticonderoga, by the poſitive injunction of her huſband. The day after the conqueſt of that place, he was badly wounded, and ſhe croſſed the Lake Champlain to join him.

"As ſoon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign; and at Fort Edward, or at the next camp, ſhe acquired a two-wheel tumbril, which had been conſtructed by the artillery, ſimilar to the carriage uſed for the mail upon the great roads of England. Major Ackland commanded the Britiſh Grenadiers, which were attached to General Fraſer's corps, and conſequently were the moſt advanced poſt of the army. Their ſituations were often ſo alert, that no perſons ſlept out of their clothes. In one of theſe ſituations, a tent in which the Major and Lady Harriet were aſleep, ſuddenly took fire. An orderly ſerjeant of grenadiers, with great hazard of ſuffocation, dragged out the firſt perſon he caught hold of: it proved to be the Major. It happened, that in the ſame inſtant ſhe had, unknowing what ſhe did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her eſcape, by creeping under the walls

of

of the back part of the tent. The firſt object ſhe ſaw, upon the recovery of her ſenſes, was the Major on the other ſide, and in the ſame inſtant again in the fire, in ſearch of her. The Serjeant again ſaved him, but not without the Major being very ſeverely burnt in the face and different parts of the body. Every thing they had with them in the tent, was conſumed.

"This accident happened a little time before the army had paſſed the Hudſon's river. It neither altered the reſolution nor the chearfulneſs of Lady Harriet; and ſhe continued her progreſs a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps. The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more diſtreſsful, as of longer ſuſpenſe. On the march of the 19th, the grenadiers being liable to action at every ſtep, ſhe had been directed by the Major to follow the route of the artillery and baggage, which was not expoſed. At the time the action began, ſhe found herſelf near a ſmall uninhabited hut, where ſhe alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the ſurgeons of the hoſpital took poſſeſſion of the ſame place, as the

moſt

moſt convenient for the firſt care of the wounded. Thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and muſquetry, for ſome hours together, with the preſumption, from the poſt of her huſband at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the moſt expoſed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroneſs of Reideſel, and the wives of two Britiſh officers, Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell; but in the event their preſence ſerved but little for comfort. Major Harnage was ſoon brought to the ſurgeons, very badly wounded; and a little while after, came intelligence that Lieutenant Reynell was ſhot dead. Imagination will want no help to figure the ſtate of the whole groupe.

"From the date of that action, to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her uſual ſerenity, ſtood prepared for new trials! and it was her lot that their ſeverity increaſed with their numbers. She was again expoſed to the hearing of the whole action; and at laſt received the ſhock of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity: the troops were defeated; and Major Ackland, deſperately wounded, was a priſoner.

"The

"The day of the 8th was paſſed by Lady Harriet and her companions in common anxiety: not a tent, nor a ſhed, being ſtanding, except what belonged to the hoſpital, their refuge was among the wounded and the dying.

"I ſoon received a meſſage from Lady Harriet, ſubmitting to my deciſion a propoſal (and expreſſing an earneſt ſolicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my deſigns) of paſſing to the camp of the enemy, and requeſting General Gates's permiſſion to attend her huſband.

"Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude, in a ſupreme degree, were to be found, as well as every virtue, under the moſt tender forms, I was aſtoniſhed at this propoſal. After ſo long an agitation of the ſpirits, exhauſted not only for want of reſt, but abſolutely want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman ſhould be capable of ſuch an undertaking as delivering herſelf to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands ſhe might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The aſſiſtance I was enabled to give, was ſmall indeed; I had not

even

even a cup of wine to offer her; but I was told ſhe had found, from ſome kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furniſh to her was an open boat and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.

"Mr. Brudenell, the Chaplain to the artillery (the ſame Gentleman who had officiated ſo ſignally at General Fraſer's funeral*) readily undertook

* The circumſtances attending the funeral of this brave officer were very remarkable:—"Early in the morning General Fraſer breathed his laſt—and with the kindeſt expreſſions of his affection, his laſt requeſt was brought to me, [*Gen. Burgoyne*] that he might be carried, without parade by the ſoldiers of his corps, to the great redoubt, and buried there.

"About ſun-ſet the body of General Fraſer was brought up the hill, attended only by the Officers who had lived in his family. To arrive at the redoubt, it paſſed within view of the greateſt part of both armies. General Philips, General Reideſel, and myſelf, who were ſtanding together, were ſtruck with the humility of the proceſſion: they, who were ignorant that privacy had been requeſted, might conſtrue it into neglect. We could neither endure that reflexion, nor indeed reſtrain

our

dertook to accompany her; and with one female ſervant, and the Major's Valet-de-chambre, (who had a ball, which he had received in the late action, then in his ſhoulder) ſhe rowed down the river to meet the enemy. But her diſtreſſes were not yet to end. The night was advanced before the boat reached the enemy's out-poſts; and the centinel would not let it paſs, nor even come on ſhore. In vain Mr. Brude-

nell

our natural propenſity to pay our laſt attention to his remains.

"The inceſſant cannonade during the ſolemnity; the ſteady attitude, and unaltered voice, with which the Chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with duſt, which the ſhot threw up on all ſides of him; the mute but expreſſive mixture of ſenſibility and indignation, upon every countenance; theſe objects will remain, to the laſt of life, upon the mind of every man who was preſent. The growing duſkineſs added to the ſcenery; and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the fineſt ſubjects for the pencil of a maſter, that the field ever exhibited. To the canvaſs, and to the faithful page of a more important Hiſtorian, gallant friend, I conſign thy memory! There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progreſs and their period, find due diſtinction; and long may they ſurvive!—long after the frail record of my pen ſhall be forgotten."

nell offered the flag of truce, and repreſented the ſtate of the extraordinary paſſenger. The guard, apprehenſive of treachery, and punctilious to their orders, threatened to fire into the boat if they ſtirred before day-light. Her anxiety and ſufferings were thus protracted through ſeven or eight dark and cold hours; and her reflexions upon that firſt reception could not give her very encouraging ideas of the treatment ſhe was afterwards to expect. But it is due to juſtice at the cloſe of this adventure to ſay, that ſhe was received and accommodated by General Gates, with all the humanity and reſpect that her rank, her merits, and her fortunes deſerved.

" Let ſuch as are affected by theſe circumſtances of alarm, hardſhip, and danger, recollect, that the ſubject of them was a woman; of the moſt tender and delicate frame; of the gentleſt manners; habituated to all the ſoft elegances, and refined enjoyment, that attend high birth and fortune; and far advanced in a ſtate in which the tender cares, always due to the ſex, become indiſpenſably neceſſary. Her mind alone was formed for ſuch trials!"

IT is univerſally known, that, at the execution of King Charles the Firſt, a man in a vizor performed the office of executioner. This circumſtance has given riſe to a variety of conjectures and accounts. In the Gentleman's Magazine for November 1767, and January 1768, are accounts of one William Walker, who is ſaid to be the executioner. In the ſame Magazine, for June 1784, it is ſuppoſed to be a Richard Brandon, of whom a long account is copied from an Exeter news-paper. But William Lilly, in his *Hiſtory of his Life and Times*, has the following remarkable paſſage: "Many have curiouſly inquired who it was that cut off his (the King's) head. I have no permiſſion to ſpeak of ſuch things: only thus much I ſay; he that did it, is as valiant and reſolute a man as lives, and one of a competent fortune." To clear up this paſſage, we ſhall preſent our Readers with Lilly's examination (as related by himſelf) before the firſt Parliament of King Charles II, in June 1660.

"At my firſt appearance, many of the young members affronted me highly, and demanded ſeveral ſcurrilous queſtions. Mr. Weſton held a paper before his mouth; bade me anſwer nobody

body but Mr. Prinn. I obeyed his command, and ſaved myſelf much trouble thereby; and when Mr. Prinn put any difficult or doubtful query unto me, Mr. Weſton prompted me with a fit anſwer. At laſt, after almoſt one hour's tugging, I deſired to be fully heard what I could ſay as to the perſon that cut Charles the Firſt's head off. Liberty being given me to ſpeak, I related what follows, viz.

"That the next Sunday but one after Charles the Firſt was beheaded, Robert Spavin, Secretary to Lieutenant-General Cromwell at that time, invited himſelf to dine with me, and brought Anthony Peirſon, and ſeveral others, along with him, to dinner: That their principal diſcourſe all dinner-time was, only, who it was that beheaded the King: one ſaid it was the common hangman; another, Hugh Peters: others alſo were nominated, but none concluded. Robert Spavin, ſo ſoon as dinner was done, took me by the hand, and carried me to the ſouth window: ſaith he, 'Theſe are all miſ-'taken: they have not named the man that 'did the fact; it was Lieutenant-Colonel Joice: 'I was in the room when he fitted himſelf for 'the work; ſtood behind him when he did it;

'when done, went in with him again: There 'is no man knows this but my maſter, viz. 'Cromwell, Commiſſary Ireton, and myſelf.' —"Doth not Mr. Ruſhworth know it?" ſaith I.—"No, he doth not know it," ſaith Spavin. The ſame thing Spavin ſince hath often related to me when we were alone."

THE following extraordinary anecdote, reſpecting this myſterious circumſtance, is taken from *Délaſſemens de l'Homme Senſible*—"The Re-"creations of the Man of Feeling," by M. d'Arnaud, an author greatly celebrated in France for the virtuous tendency of his writings; and who, although he has avowedly embelliſhed his narration, by giving it a dramatic turn, ſolemnly aſſerts, that he received the particulars from a man of letters, of the ſtricteſt probity, to whom it was related by an intimate friend of Lord S——'s.

"This Lord, ſays M. d'Arnaud, was the favourite of King George II, and one of the Generals of the Engliſh army at the battle of Dettingen. The diſpoſitions of the Marſhal de Noailles were ſo judicious, that nothing but the impetuoſity of a ſubordinate French Officer ſaved the Allied Army from deſtruction, and even

even gave them an unexpected victory. The conſequence was, that Lord S——, who was the only perſon that ſeemed to be ſenſible of the unſkilful movements of the allies, but whoſe ſentiments were diſregarded, loſt the favour of his Sovereign, and retired from the army in diſguſt. On his arrival at London, he propoſed to reſide on his eſtate in Scotland; but ſome days before his intended departure, he received a letter in a very extraordinary ſtyle, calculated at once to ſtimulate curioſity in a mind not eaſily daunted. It deſired an interview at a particular time and place, upon buſineſs of the utmoſt importance, and requiring him to come unattended. His Lordſhip, who did not pay immediate attention to this letter, received a ſecond, the next day, in terms ſtill more energetic. This ſecond ſummons appeared too ſingular to be diſregarded. Lord S——, therefore, went to the place appointed, without any attendants, but not unarmed; nor was he abſolutely devoid of fear, when he entered one of the bye-places, in the metropolis, that moſt commonly indicate the reſidence of poverty and wretchedneſs. He went up a dirty ſtair-caſe into a garret, where, by the glimmering light,

he perceived a man, ſtretched upon a bed, with every appearance of extreme old-age. "My "Lord," ſaid this unexpected object, "I was "impatient to ſee you. I have heard of your "fame. Be ſeated: you have nothing to ap- "prehend from a man a hundred and twenty- "five years old." Lord S—— ſat down, waiting with the utmoſt impatience for the unravelling of this extraordinary adventure, while the centenary proceeded to inquire, whether his Lordſhip had not occaſion for certain writings that related to his family and his fortune. 'Yes,' replied his Lordſhip with emotion, 'I want certain papers, the loſs of which 'has deprived me of great part of my inherit- 'ance.'—"There," returned the old man, giving him the key of a ſmall caſket, "there "are theſe writings depoſited."—'To whom,' ſaid his Lordſhip, the moment he diſcovered the treaſure, 'to whom am I indebted for this in- 'eſtimable favour?'—"Oh, my ſon," replied the old man, "come, and embrace your great- "grandfather."—'My great-grandfather!' interrupted his Lordſhip, with inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment. But how much more was he aſtoniſhed, when this anceſtor informed him that

that he was the maſked executioner of King Charles I. "An inſatiable thirſt of vengeance," continued he, "impelled me to this abomi-
"nable crime. I had been treated, as I ima-
"gined, with the higheſt indignity by my
"Sovereign. I ſuſpected him of having ſe-
"duced my Daughter. I ſacrificed every ſenſe
"of loyalty and virtue to revenge this imagi-
"nary injury. I entered into all the deſigns
"of Cromwell and his aſſociates: I paved
"the way to his uſurpation: I even re-
"fined on vengeance: I ſolicited Cromwell
"to let me be the executioner, and to fill up
"the meaſure of my guilt; the unhappy King
"knew, before the fatal blow, the man that
"was to inflict it. From that day my ſoul has
"been a prey to diſtraction and remorſe. I have
"been an exile, a voluntary outcaſt, in Europe
"and Aſia, near fourſcore years. Heaven, as
"if to puniſh me with ſeverer rigour, has pro-
"longed my exiſtence beyond the ordinary
"term of nature. This caſket is the only re-
"mains of my fortune. I came here to end
"my wretched days: I had heard of your diſ-
"grace at court, ſo much the reverſe of what
"your virtues merited; and I was deſirous,
"before I breathed my laſt, to contribute thus

" to your welfare. All the return I aſk is, " that you leave me to my wretched fate, and " ſhed a tear to the memory of one, whoſe long, " long repentance, I hope, may at laſt expiate " his crime."

" Lord S—— earneſtly preſſed his hoary anceſtor to retire with him into Scotland, and there to live, for the remainder of his days, under a fictitious name. He long withſtood all theſe intreaties; but wearied out, at length, by importunity, he conſented, or rather ſeemed to conſent. The next day, however, when his Lordſhip returned, he found that his repentant great-grandfather had quitted the ſpot; and, notwithſtanding all the reſearches that were made, his fate remains a myſtery to this day."

THE late Dr. Goldſmith's popularity being much increaſed, ſince the ſucceſs of his comedy of *She ſtoops to Conquer*, the curioſity of the public will probably receive ſome gratification from the following characteriſtical anecdotes of that ingenious writer. The Doctor has been called, with more wit than good-nature, the *Sancho-Panza* of Engliſh Literature, and repreſented as ſo ſingular and erudite an *étourdi*, that

that you would always be ſure either to laugh with him, or at him. Certain it is, that the Doctor's wit, like that of many other of his leſs ingenious countrymen, often bordered on abſurdity; while his abſence to the ſubject of diſcourſe betrayed his real knowledge into apparent ignorance: hence it is, that a man capable of keeping up a converſation with the moſt learned, is often the butt of the moſt illiterate. An inſtance of this happened not long ſince at a public tavern, where a certain Comedian, with that air of modeſt aſſurance ſo peculiar to the ſtage, interrupted the Doctor's diſcourſe about ancient Authors, by aſking him, If he had ever ſeen *Doddington upon Gingerbread?* 'Why, 'really,' ſays the Doctor, taking ſome time to recollect himſelf, 'I do not remember that I 'have.'—"No, Sir!" replied the Comedian, with an affected air of ſurpriſe; "it is a work "in two volumes, quarto."—'Indeed!' returned the Doctor, with great ſimplicity; 'I 'wonder I never met with it; for I have read 'every thing; but, in troth, it is an odd ſub-'ject for an Author to write on.' The Player enjoyed the laugh at the Doctor's expence; but had not the wit to tell him, that the Gingerbread-

bread-Bakers have re-printed the alphabet, oftener than the Printers have made new editions of the horn-book.

ANOTHER inſtance of the Doctor's ſimplicity, which, though it might have done him no credit as a man of the world, will place his character in an amiable light as a man of feeling and humanity, is this: The Doctor, having inadvertently paid an hackney-coachman a guinea inſtead of a ſhilling, and, with great conſiſtency, forgot to take the number of the coach, was obliged to apply to the fraternity of the whip about Temple-Bar, to find the coachman again, by the deſcription of his perſon. The fellow being well known, the Doctor had ſoon the ſatisfaction to be informed he was a very honeſt man, and would certainly return the guinea, if he knew where to find him. 'Well,' ſays the Doctor, 'I am going to dine at the 'Devil, with my friend Dr. Johnſon, and Mr. 'Stevens: if he ſhould come before ſix o'clock, 'ſend him to me.' The Doctor went to dinner, and before the cloth was taken away, the waiter informed him the coachman was below ſtairs with his guinea. On this information, the Doctor largely deſcanted on the ſingular honeſty

honeſty of the fellow, and the expediency of his being properly rewarded for it. This drew a voluntary ſubſcription from the company, of about nine ſhillings; which the Doctor took down to the coachman, putting it into his hand, with many encomiums on his honeſty; at the ſame time receiving the guinea from the coachman, which he ſlipped into his pocket: on turning to go up ſtairs, however, the honeſt hack-driver modeſtly reminded his honour, that he was not paid his fare; very arithmetically conceiving, that the nine ſhillings being given as a reward for his honeſty, his fare was not included. 'Right,' cries the Doctor; 'there is a ſhilling for thee, my lad.'—"God "bleſs your honour," returned John; "I ſee "you know how to conſider a poor man." Then artfully dropping, That, though poor, he was honeſt; yet, God knew, he had a wife and four children; concluding with a hint on family ſickneſs, and the dearneſs of proviſions: this melted the Doctor, and drew another half-crown from his pocket, which he gave him, deſiring he would then go about his buſineſs, leſt he ſhould take the ſilver back again, and return him the whole guinea. On this hint, the

the coachman declared himſelf fully ſatisfied; and, with many ſcrapes and bows, took his leave. The Doctor returned to his company, exulting to think he had met with ſo favourable an opportunity to reward honeſty, and to indulge his natural propenſity to benevolence. The company renewed their encomiums, both on the Coachman and the Doctor; but with what propriety, was diſcovered, when, the reckoning being called, the Doctor pulled out the guinea to diſcharge his quota; not, indeed, the identical guinea the Doctor gave the Coachman, but the guinea the Coachman gave the Doctor, which, being of ſilver gilt, was worth juſt eightpence halfpenny.

SOME years ago, a ſtranger, dreſſed in a plain citizen's attire, took his ſeat at the Pharo table at Aix-la-Chapelle, when the bank was proclaimed more than commonly rich. After having ſome little time engaged in the common play of the table, he challenged the bank, and toſſed his pocket-book to the banker, that he might not queſtion his faculties of payment, in caſe he loſt. The banker, ſurpriſed at the boldneſs of the adventurer, and no leſs ſo at his ordinary

ordinary appearance, at firſt heſitated to accept the challenge; but, on opening the book, and ſeeing bills to a prodigious amount, and on the ſtranger's ſternly and repeatedly inſiſting on his compliance with the laws of the game, with much reluctance, he prepared the cards for the great event. The ſurpriſe was naturally great, and all eyes attentive to the trembling hands of the affrighted banker, who, while the ſtranger ſat unruffled and unconcerned, turned up the card which decided his ruin and the other's ſucceſs. The table of courſe was immediately broken up, and the ſtranger, in triumph, with perfect coolneſs and ſerenity of features, turned to a perſon who ſtood at his elbow, to whom he gave orders for the charge of the money. "Heavens!" exclaimed an old infirm Officer in the Auſtrian ſervice, and who had ſat next to him at the table, "if I had the twentieth part "of your ſucceſs this night, I ſhould be the "happieſt man in the univerſe."—'If thou 'wouldſt be that happy man,' replied the ſtranger, briſkly, 'then thou ſhalt have it;' and, without waiting his reply, diſappeared from the room. Some little time afterwards, the entrance of a ſervant aſtoniſhed the company,

pany, as much with the extraordinary generoſity of the ſtranger, as with his peculiar good fortune, by preſenting the Auſtrian officer with the twentieth part of the Pharo bank. 'Take 'this, Sir,' ſays the ſervant, 'my maſter re-'quires no anſwer;' and he ſuddenly left him, without exchanging any other words. The next morning, it was rumoured at Aix la Chapelle, that the King of Pruſſia had entered the town in diſguiſe; and on the recollection of his perſon, the town ſoon recogniſed him to be the ſucceſsful ſtranger at the Pharo-table.

THE humane reader will feel the fineſt ſprings of his affections moved by the following anecdote, related by a Clergyman of high rank, who reveres the memory of the late Dr. Fothergill, and places his obligations to him, in a very trying ſeaſon, near to his heart. A friend of his, a man of worthy character, who has at this time an income of about one hundred pounds a year, church-preferment, was, in the earlier part of his life, ſituated in London, upon a curacy of fifty pounds *per annum*, with a wife and a numerous family. An epidemical diſeaſe, which was at that time prevalent, ſeized

ſeized upon his wife and five of his children: in this ſcene of diſtreſs, he looked up to the Doctor for his aſſiſtance, but dared not to apply to him, from a conſciouſneſs of his being unable to reward him for his attendance. A friend, who knew his ſituation, kindly offered to accompany him to the Doctor, and give him his fee. They took the advantage of his hour of audience; and after a deſcription of the ſeveral caſes, the fee was offered and rejected; but a note was taken of his place of reſidence. The Doctor called aſſiduouſly the next and every ſucceeding day, till his attendance was no longer neceſſary. The Curate, anxious to return ſome grateful mark of the ſenſe he entertained of his ſervices, ſtrained every nerve to accompliſh it; but his aſtoniſhment was not to be deſcribed when, inſtead of receiving the money he offered, with apologies for his ſituation, the Doctor put *ten guineas* into his hand, deſiring him to apply to him, without diffidence, in future difficulties.

MR. ADDISON, ſo deſervedly celebrated for an uncommon accuracy in thinking and reaſoning, has given abundant proof of his belief

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of Chriſtianity, and his zeal againſt infidels of all kinds, in his "Evidences of the Chriſtian "Religion." All his writings on religious ſubjects diſcover a ſtrong, maſculine, and ſteady piety; and his amiable conduct, in every part of his life, gives us the moſt convincing proof that what he wrote were the genuine ſentiments of his mind: but his virtue ſhone out brighteſt at the point of death; for after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtempers, he diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all hopes of life; but, with his hopes of life, he diſmiſſed not his concern for the living, but ſent for a youth (Lord Warwick, his ſon-in-law), nearly related, and finely accompliſhed, yet not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend. He came: but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent. After a decent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid—"Dear Sir! you ſent "for me, I believe, and hope you have ſome "commands; I ſhall hold them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel, the reply! Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, 'See in what peace a Chriſtian can 'die!' He ſpoke with difficulty, and ſoon expired.

pired.—The pamphlet from which this is quoted, is entitled, *Conjectures on Original Compoſition*, and, although publiſhed anonymous, was written by the great Dr. Edward Young;—nor can we, with more propriety, cloſe the character of Mr. Addiſon, than with this very gentleman's obſervation on the anecdote juſt mentioned; in which he tells us that it is to this circumſtance Mr. Tickell refers, where, in his lines on this great man's death, he has theſe words—

"He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
"A prize for knowledge, taught us how to die."

ONE time, as Dean Swift was on a journey from Drogheda to Kavan, he rode before his company, made a ſudden ſtop, diſmounted, fell on his knees, lifted up his hands, and prayed in the moſt devout manner. When his friends came up, he earneſtly deſired them to alight, which they did, and aſked him the meaning. "Gentlemen," ſaid he, "pray join your hearts in fervent prayers "with mine, that I may never be like this "oak tree, which is decayed and withered at "the top, whilſt all the other parts are ſound."

—Another time, walking with Dr. Young, the celebrated poet, and ſome others, about Dublin, the Dean ſtopped ſhort: the company paſſed on; but, not ſeeing him follow, Dr. Young went back, and found the Dean fixed as a ſtatue, earneſtly gazing at a lofty elm, which in its uppermoſt branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing to it, he ſaid, "I ſhall be like that tree, I ſhall die "at top."

THE Dean having waited one day at the Caſtle, for audience of Lord Carteret, till his patience was exhauſted, wrote the following couplet on a window, and went away:

"My very good Lord, 'tis a very hard taſk
"For a man to wait here who has nothing to aſk."

To which the Earl ſubjoined this anſwer:

"My very good Dean, there are few who come here
"But have ſomething to aſk, or ſomething to fear."

OF the two Miſs Gunnings, ſince ſo celebrated for their beauty, and the honours it procured them, we have the following very ſingular anecdote:—The eldeſt ſiſter, afterwards Lady Coventry, conſcious of her charms, even at that early period of her life, and wiſhing to know

know whether they would procure her that elevation which her youthful vanity taught her to hope for, prevailed upon Mrs. Bellamy, the actreſs, to accompany her and her ſiſter Betſey to a Sybil, *alias* a female fortune-teller, who, from ſome lucky diſcoveries ſhe had made, (probably through her having privately acquired a knowledge of the parties) was conſidered as an oracle throughout the whole city of Dublin. So great was the fame ſhe had acquired, by her reputed ſkill in prognoſtication, that ſhe was diſtinguiſhed by the pre-eminent title of *Madam Fortune*, as if ſhe was the blind Directreſs of Events, herſelf, or her immediate repreſentative. To avoid, as much as poſſible, giving the Propheteſs any clue by which to judge of their real ſituation in life, they all three were habited in mean attire, and, inſtead of going in the carriage, walked to her houſe. To add to the deception, Mrs. Bellamy put on a wedding-ring, which ſhe borrowed of a friend for that purpoſe.

Upon Miſs Molly's being uſhered into her preſence, ſhe, without any heſitation, told her, that ſhe would be *titled*, (ſo ſhe expreſſed herſelf) *but far from happy*.—When Miſs Betſey

appeared, ſhe declared that ſhe would be *great to a degree*, and that ſhe would be happy in the connexions which conduced to that greatneſs; but, from a want of health, (which alone can give value either to riches or grandeur) ſhe would find a conſiderable abatement of that happineſs.—When Mrs. Bellamy preſented herſelf, ſhe ſaid, ſhe might take off the ring ſhe wore, as ſhe never was, nor ever would *be married*, unleſs ſhe played the fool in her old-age. To this ſhe added, that Opulence would court her, and Flattery follow her; notwithſtanding which, through her own folly, ſhe would be brought to indigence.

We will not pretend to account for this aſtoniſhing inſtance of anticipating future events, the vanity of which has ſince been confirmed with the moſt extraordinary punctuality. Her Grace of Argyl, who was one of the *trio*, will, doubtleſs, readily recollect the adventure. To which we will ſubjoin the beautiful deſcription Otway has given of one of the divining fraternity:

'Through a cloſe lane as I purſu'd my journey,
'I ſpy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
'Picking

'Picking dry ſticks, and mumbling to herſelf;
'Her eyes with ſcalding rheum were gall'd and red;
'Cold palſy ſhook her head; her hands ſeem'd wither'd;
'And o'er her crooked ſhoulders had ſhe wrapp'd
'The tatter'd remnant of an old ſtrip'd hanging,
'Which ſerv'd to keep her carcaſe from the cold;
'So there was nothing of a piece about her.
'Her lower weeds were all o'er coarſely patch'd
'With different-colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
'And ſeem'd to ſpeak variety of wretchedneſs.
'I aſk'd her of my way, which ſhe inform'd me;
'Then crav'd my charity, and bade me haſten
'To ſave a ſiſter.'

THE Duke of York (afterwards James II.) having lulled his conſcience to ſleep, by the declaration of his marriage to Mrs. Anne Hyde, the Chancellor's Daughter, that he might devote ſome of his leiſure hours to inconſtancy, in return for that generous effort, he therefore took up with one whom he ſoon found ready for his purpoſe: this was Lady Carnegy (Daughter of Duke Hamilton), who had been free of her favours to many others. She was ſtill handſome, and her good-nature did not ſuffer her new lover to languiſh long. All ſucceeded as well as poſſible for ſome time. Lord

Carnegy, her Huſband, was ſtill in Scotland; but his Father dying ſuddenly, he returned from thence as ſuddenly, with the title of Southeſk, which his Wife hated, but which ſhe took ſtill more patiently than his return. He had received ſome hint of the honour that was done him in his abſence. He would not immediately ſeem jealous; but, as it was very eaſy to aſcertain the truth of the fact, he kept an eye upon the conduct of his Wife. As this return put the lovers on their guard, the Duke of York viſited her only in form; that is to ſay, always accompanied by a friend, in order to give it the air of a viſit. At this time, Talbot (afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel) returned from Portugal. This connexion had taken place during his abſence; and, without his knowing who Lady Southeſk was, he learned that his maſter was in love with her. He was carried thither, for form's ſake, a few days after. The Duke introduced him. Some compliments paſſed on both ſides; after which he thought it proper to leave his Highneſs at liberty to pay his, and withdrew into the anti-chamber. This anti-chamber looked into the ſtreet. Talbot placed himſelf at the window,

to

to obſerve the paſſers-by. He had the beſt diſpoſition in the world for ſuch adventures; but he was ſo ſubject to abſence and inattention, that he left at London the complimental letter which the Duke had given him for the Infanta of Portugal, and was not ſenſible of it till the very time he had his audience. He ſtood therefore on guard, as has been mentioned, very attentive to his inſtructions, when he ſaw a chariot ſtop at the door, without being alarmed at it, and leſs ſtill at the man whom he ſaw get out of it, and ſoon heard coming up ſtairs. The Devil, who ought not to be ſpiteful on ſuch occaſions, brought thither Lord Southeſk in perſon. His Highneſs's equipage had been diſmiſſed, becauſe Lady Southeſk had affirmed that her Huſband was gone to make a tour to the dogs, the bears and the bulls; ſights which highly delighted him, and from which he ſeldom returned till very late. He little imagined that he had ſuch good company at his houſe, ſeeing no carriage there; but, if he was at firſt ſurpriſed to ſee Talbot ſitting at his eaſe in his Wife's anti-chamber, his ſurpriſe did not laſt long. Talbot had not ſeen him ſince his return from Flanders; and not ſuſpecting

he had changed his name, 'Good-morrow, 'Carnegy; good-morrow, my fat pig,' he cried, holding out his hand: 'where the deuce 'have you been, that I have not ſeen you ſince 'I came from Bruſſels? What buſineſs have 'you here? Have you too a deſign on Southeſk? 'If ſo, my poor friend, you may as well fly the 'pit; for, let me tell you, the Duke of York 'is in love with her, and, to truſt you with a 'ſecret, at this very moment he is in the next 'room with her.' Southeſk, thunder-ſtruck, as may eaſily be imagined, had not time to anſwer theſe curious queſtions. Talbot ſhowed him the door, as a friend, and adviſed him to try his fortune elſewhere. Southeſk, not knowing better what to do, got into his chariot; and Talbot, delighted with the adventure, was impatient for the Duke's coming, in order to give him an account of it; but he was much ſurpriſed to find that the ſtory had no charms for thoſe who were intereſted in it: on the whole, he thought it very unlucky, that that creature Carnegy had only changed his name to draw from him ſuch an important ſecret. This incident interrupted a commerce, which the Duke of York did not much regret: and

well

well it was that he grew indifferent; for the traitor Southeſk plotted a revenge, by which, without employing ſword or poiſon, he would have had ſatisfaction of thoſe who had injured him, for the ſhort time their intrigue had laſted. He ſought, in the moſt infamous places, the moſt infamous diſtemper that they could furniſh, and found it; but without being more than half revenged; for, after having had recourſe to the ſevereſt diſcipline to get rid of it, his Lady only returned him the preſent, having no more commerce with him for whom he had induſtriouſly prepared it. Biſhop Burnet, in his hiſtory, relates this anecdote; and adds, That it was alſo generally believed, that the diſeaſe was let round till it came to the Ducheſs, who was ſo tainted with it, that it occaſioned the death of all her children, except the two Daughters, our two Queens (Mary and Anne), and was believed the cauſe of her own death, &c. Lord Southeſk was, for ſome years, not ill pleaſed to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar ſtrain of revenge, with which he ſeemed much delighted.

THE late Lord Crawford, who was ſo remarkable for his courage, and thirſt of glory, exhibited

exhibited a very extraordinary inſtance of preſence of mind, on the morning that preceded the battle of Rocoux, in 1746. He, and ſome volunteers, accompanied by his *Aide-de-camp*, and attended by two orderly dragoons, had rode out before day, to reconnoitre the ſituation of the enemy, and fell into one of their advanced guards. The Serjeant who commanded it, immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were preſented, when the Earl firſt perceived them. Without betraying the leaſt mark of diſorder, he rode up to the Serjeant, and, aſſuming the character of a French General, told him, '*Ne tirez pas*; *nous ſommes* '*amis*'—'Don't fire; we are friends:' and immediately, without giving the Officer time to aſk any queſtions, proceeded, by aſking him to what regiment they belonged: and the Officer anſwering, "Of the regiment of Orleans;" his Lordſhip then ſaid, '*Fort bien, prenez bien* '*garde à votre poſte: je m'en vais plus loin pour* '*reconnoître l'ennemi:*'—'It is very well; keep 'a good look-out with your poſt: I am going 'a little further to reconnoitre the enemy more 'diſtinctly.' So ſaying, he and his company retired, before the Serjeant could recollect himſelf

ſelf from the ſurpriſe occaſioned by this unexpected addreſs. In all probability, he was ſoon ſenſible of his miſtake; for the incident was that very day publicly mentioned in the French army. The Prince of Tingry, an Officer in the Auſtrian ſervice, having been taken priſoner in the battle that enſued, dined with Marſhal Saxe, who diſmiſſed him on his parole, and deſired he would charge himſelf with a facetious compliment to his old friend the Earl of Crawford: He wiſhed his Lordſhip joy of being a French General; and ſaid, he could not help being diſpleaſed with the Serjeant, as he had not procured him the honour of his Lordſhip's company at dinner.

SOME time ſince, Tom King (the Comedian), one of Thalia's greateſt favourites, but whoſe cauſe the Blind Goddeſs had never till now eſpouſed, meeting with a certain ſporting Gentleman under the piazza in Covent-garden, they retired to an adjacent tavern, to take a main at hazard for five guineas. Tom ſoon loſt his firſt ſtake; and, with much reſignation, eat his ſupper and drank his bottle. His adverſary, however, after ſupper, propoſed to him a ſecond

a ſecond main, which Tom at firſt refuſed engaging in, ſaying, He had not, he believed, money enough about him to anſwer the bet; but this was over-ruled, by his adverſary replying, His word was ſufficient for a hundred times the ſum. They renewed the party, and, in a few hours, Tom won two thouſand four hundred guineas. Tom's Wife, who, by the bye, is a very good one, had ſat up all night, as uſual, after having ſent every where in ſearch of him, without being able to gain any tidings. When he returned from his lucky vigil, her inquiries were naturally very preſſing to know where he had been, and what had kept him out ſo long; to all which he made no anſwer, but by very peremptorily ſaying, 'Bring 'me a Bible!'—"A Bible!" ſhe re-echoed with ſome ejaculation; "I hope you have not "poiſoned yourſelf?"—'Bring me a Bible,' continued Tom. "I ſuppoſe," ſhe reſumed, "you've loſt ſome great ſum; but never mind, "we can work for more."—'Bring me a Bible, 'I ſay,' ſtill uttered the impatient Tom. "Good Lord! what can be the matter?" ſaid Mrs. King; "I don't believe there's ſuch a "thing in the houſe, without it be in the maid's "room."

"room." Thither ſhe went, and found part of one without a cover; when, having brought it to Tom, he fell upon his knees, and made a moſt fervent oath never to touch a die or a card again; and ſhe all the while endeavoured to alleviate his grief, of which ſhe conſidered this as the effuſion, owing to ſome conſiderable loſs. When he had finiſhed and roſe up, he flung fourteen hundred pounds in bank notes upon the table; ſaying, 'There, my dear, there's 'fourteen hundred pounds I've won to-night, 'and I ſhall receive a thouſand more by to-'morrow noon; and I'll be d—d if I ever riſk 'a guinea of it again.'

THE late Doctor Miſaubin was famous for curing a particular diſorder; and his *recipe* firſt introduced him into the polite world; but his uncommon humour and docility of temper, recommended him ſtill more to ſeveral Noblemen of the firſt rank. Amongſt theſe were the late Dukes of Montague and Richmond, of whoſe parties he uſed frequently to be, and was always very conducive to the mirth and enjoyment of the company. As a ſpecimen of the kind of merriment he produced upon theſe occaſions,

caſions, we ſhall take a view of the Doctor at court, upon being introduced to the late King. The Duke of Montague had advertiſed his Majeſty of the whimſical character of Mr. Miſaubin, and added, he would afford ſome mirth upon being introduced on a levee-day. Accordingly, the Duke ſaid to the Doctor, He wondered ſo celebrated a Phyſician had never been introduced at St. James's. The Doctor ſnapped at the bait, and ſaid, He ſhould take it as a great honour if his Grace would introduce him. The Duke conſented to his requeſt, and the Doctor conſulted him with regard to his dreſs. His Grace adviſed him, by all means, to make his firſt appearance in a ſuit of black velvet, which was accordingly obtained; and the Duke prepared himſelf with an uncommon large wig, in which near a pound of powder was contained. Upon the Duke's perceiving the Doctor, he ran up to him, and overwhelmed him with powder and embraces, ſaying, "How "happy I am, dear Doctor, to have this op- "portunity of introducing you to the King!" The Doctor humm'd and ha'd—'But my coat, 'my Lord!—'I ſhall look like a miller.' The Duke, however, did not deſiſt from ſhaking his head,

head, till he had diſcharged at leaſt three quarters of a pound of powder upon the Doctor's black velvet ſuit. His Grace then introduced him to the King, who was ready to burſt his ſides with laughing; the Doctor being more engaged in wiping his clothes, than in making his obeiſance. Though his introduction was attended with this ridiculous appearance, the Doctor failed not ever after attending St. James's on court-days, and plumed himſelf not a little upon being ſo reſpectable a courtier. He was ſome time after at Windſor, when he was aſked by a patient his addreſs in town; to which he replied with diſdain, 'To Doctor 'Miſaubin, in the world.' He had, at length, wrought himſelf up to ſuch a pitch of importance, from his acquaintance and connexions, that he thought it beneath him to be any longer a Walking-Doctor; and he thenceforward rolled in his chariot. One day, whilſt he was at dinner at the Duke of Montague's, his Grace had employed a coach-painter to give a proper coat of arms to his carriage: he accordingly painted a patient receiving a clyſter from the Doctor; and he traverſed the whole town with this device on his carriage, without being able

to

to gueſs what the ſpectators every where immoderately laughed at. Hogarth has introduced the Doctor's figure in the *Harlot's Progreſs*, in the place where ſhe expires. The Doctor made a will, and bequeathed twenty thouſand pounds to his widow. This bequeſt got vent, and every body imagined the Doctor a man of great property; but it at length appeared that theſe twenty thouſand pounds were not in ſpecie, nor in paper: they conſiſted of twenty thouſand pills, which he eſtimated at one pound each.

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